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Mr. Pyne receiving the morning papers.



THE STATE OF IRELAND: MR. DOUGLAS PYNE, M.P., LOWERED FROM HIS CASTLE TO RECEIVE A DEPUTATION, AT LISFINNY, WATERFORD.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Whilst Mr. Charles Wyndham—that wandering spirit who at one moment is found in California on a cattle-ranch and the next is turned into a German student on the Spree—is showing the playgoers at Leignitz and Berlin how well he can play David Garrick, and how prettily Miss Mary Moore can interpret the fair Ada Ingot, his tenants have been apparently routing in the manager's theatrical cupboards. There they found "The Circassian," and, in spite of ominous warnings, the word went forth that at last it was to be produced at the Criterion. Mr. Wyndham, with all his harmless eccentricity, is not rash. There is a method even in his hesitancy. When a play does not quite satisfy him after rehearsal he puts it away to cogitate about and dream over. When, at the last rehearsal of all, certain tried and confidential friends pronounce against a novelty it is promptly postponed. That was the fate of "The Circassian" under Mr. Wyndham's régime, and, probably, by this time he has telegraphed over from Berlin in his well-known laconic style, "I told you so." In the original French play there is just sufficient material from which could be made an old-fashioned farce—but no more. The straits to which modern dramatists are put—both serious and humorous—to expand their attenuated ideas is quite comical. Here is Edouard Pailleron, at the Comédie Française, by means of clever padding and unnecessary characters, torturing a little one-act play, called "L'Etincelle," into a three-act comedy, entitled "La Souris," with pleasant but inartistic result; and here are clever actors like Mr. David James, Mr. George Giddens, and Mr. Blakeley fondly believing that the thin little idea in "Un Voyage en Caucase," will, by stretching it to cracking-point, make up an evening's entertainment for which ten solid shillings are asked. A comical, self-sufficient, not bad-hearted cockney is supposed to have traded for years on a false reputation. He has purchased the manuscript of a rather celebrated book of travels, and has deceived the world, including his own family, into believing that he was the adventurer and author as well. The only question is, how soon he will be found out? There is no other interest in the play. The dramatist has to resort to desperate expedients in order to keep up this shuttlecock of fun. At the outset there is a scene where all the servants are called in to hear "a chapter" of their master's book read to them as a daily duty. This is obviously a skit on family devotion, and perhaps not wholly in good taste, however funnily carried out; but when, at last, the characters have to resort to the desperate expedient of "dressing up," as children call it; when Mr. David James, to no purpose, has to attire himself as a Circassian soldier, and Mrs. E. Phelps as a Circassian slave, the long-strained joke explodes, to the sorry discomfiture of all concerned. The actors are to be pitied, not blamed. They did their best for the play, and probably they knew as well as anyone what would be the fate of "The Circassian" when they rehearsed it, and it was patched and altered up to the very eve of production. Small as was the chance, an opportunity was afforded in the course of the evening of showing that in Mr. Sydney Brough—son of the popular Lionel Brough—we have a young actor of versatility and promise. Hitherto he has appeared only as a light comedian, but he inherits much of his father's humour.

If the whole of Shiel's "Evadne" were as powerful as the last act it would be a popular play on the list of pretty and ambitious actresses. As it is, this old-fashioned romantic work is just as good as the majority of the plays of Sheridan Knowles which are brought forward from time to time to show us what dullness our ancestors tolerated, and what bombastic stuff was palmed off on them as poetry. There is nothing in the much-vaunted "Hunchback" or the semi-popular "Love Chase" as dramatic as the scene where Evadne defends her honour under the shadow of her father's statue, and subsequently unmasks the traitor lover, Ludovico. There is the groundwork here for a far finer play than "Evadne." The power of innocent love over a guilty nature is always a strong dramatic motive, and could Evadne, the King of Naples, and Ludovico be all well played, the scene would be very effective, and make a strong impression. It was only in this scene that Mrs. Rae seemed at home, or able to shake off a distressing nervousness. It was too ambitious a task for one so young and inexperienced. By-the-way, it is strange that Evadne was not contained in the repertoire of the late Miss Neilson. The part would have suited her admirably. Amidst much to regret, there was also much to admire. Henry Neville, with great distinction and fine presence, took Colonna—the character created by Charles Young; and, to the astonishment of everybody, Mr. Lewis Waller, a young actor of promise, came out, and made a considerable impression with his bold and firm performance as Ludovico, a later-day Iago, who is on the scene almost throughout the whole play. There was everything to unnerve a young and ambitious actor—imperfect rehearsals, a strange company, an ugly dress. But Mr. Waller conquered all the same, and it is not surprising that he should have been offered an engagement by Messrs. Hare and Kendal. He has succeeded best, so far, in character parts connected with modern plays; but where he would be most useful would be in romantic and Shakspearean drama. He will work his way up to the Lyceum, if we mistake not.

A week without a matinée would be a wonderful circumstance. But, on the whole, it has been barren of result. A loyal band of actors and actresses has congratulated Mr. Henry Hamilton on the success of "A Mare's Nest"; but, on the whole, a matinée test is anything but a sound one. Authors and managers are, for various reasons, afraid of submitting their novelties to first-night audiences, who have ceased to be compassionate and hesitate to be impartially critical. The consequence is they are tried upon an audience of friends, who, as a rule, outwardly say what inwardly they do not think, and directly oppose the conscientious critic to the public voice. As matters exist, the critic stands alone at a matinée. He sees men and women applaud in the stalls what they unhesitatingly condemn in the lobby. The poor author believes that any adverse verdict delivered in print is the result of spite or motive, and the convenient purchaser closes a bargain that he subsequently repents. It is only fair, however, and candid to Mr. Hamilton to say that, in this instance, he suffered at the hands of the injudicious enthusiasm of his actor friends. They did not observe Hamlet's advice about "gagging," and, in one instance, words were introduced which any public audience would immediately have resented and very properly hissed. But the matinée audience cheered them as wit of the first water. The matinée test is on that account surely untrustworthy. In this play one of the presumably most comic scenes is where a husband, tired of his vain and ugly wife, holds the poor old creature up to unworthy ridicule, and allows a young man to peep through the keyhole to see her divested of her paint and feathers, in order to disgust the youth with the vain old woman who has taken a fancy to him. Now, this is not a very laudable or desirable motive for an English play. The picture of the wretched old creature scantily attired being danced about the room by her husband for the inspection of a stranger is anything but a funny incident. It was heartily applauded, however, by a matinée audience. We do not doubt for one moment what would have been the verdict at night, and justly so. Cynicism may go a

little too far in these days, and the public check on what goes beyond that indefinable limit known as "good taste" is not wholly undesirable. Good-natured friends pass these things over in silence, though they do not omit to notice them. At a public performance of a play they are promptly condemned. Miss Fanny Brough, one of our most admirable and useful comédiennes, was as good as ever, and both Mr. Yorke Stephens and Mr. Righton did good service in "The Mare's Nest."

The 100th night has been satisfactorily reached at the Adelphi with the clever and popular "Bells of Haslemere," and all will be well if the authors only induce some of the actors to restrain their energy and not forget their art. What a pity that occasionally these players cannot ask to "see themselves as others see us." That would be the best corrective to what is popularly known as "laddling out" a part—a fault entirely due to popularity.

"The Lady of Lyons" has been satisfactorily performed by Mr. Terriss, Miss Milward, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stirling for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund.

Pretty Jane May has come to the French plays; and next week M. Fèvre is to play "L'Ami Fritz" for the benefit of the French Hospital.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

Irish political martyrs have a peculiar talent of promptly passing the one step from the mock sublime to the truly ridiculous; and Mr. Douglas Pyne, M.P. for West Waterford, vies with Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., who scorns to change his shirt in prison. Mr. Pyne, having a warrant out against him for seditious offences under the Crimes Act, has shut himself up, with two men, in his Castle of Lisfinny, near Tallow, where he has laid in a store of tinned meats and other food, with wine, whisky, and tobacco, and defies the officers of the law from a window ninety feet above the ground. On Sunday, Nov. 13, a deputation of the Youghal National League, with two bands of music, and the bands of Tallow, Ballyduff, and Knockanore, marched to Lisfinny to present an address of congratulation to this hero, who first bowed to them from his lofty eyrie, amidst loud cheering, and then got into a chair, attached to a long rope and pulley, by which he was lowered to be within reach of his admiring friends. The address was read by Mr. J. T. Cronin, honorary secretary, and Mr. Pyne made a speech in reply, declaring that he was quite at home, and that the police should come up to his abode if they would and could, but he advised them to be careful in going upstairs or downstairs, the staircase being in such bad repair that ladders were needed in some parts of it, and it might be too rough for them; one man, perhaps, would send down a stone on the head of another. He had a good supply of everything he wanted, and hoped to live there comfortably for three months, until the time arrived for him to attend to his Parliamentary duties. This joking amused the people, and was followed by speeches from Mr. P. F. Walsh, of Knockanore, Mr. M. Kennedy, of Youghal, Dr. Dennehy, of Lismore, the Rev. James Queally, and the Rev. Father Savage, who denounced the present Government for its "meanness," accusing it of stealing Mr. O'Brien's clothes and wanting to murder that patriot. Mr. Pyne was then drawn up to re-enter the tower. Only two policemen were about the castle during the afternoon, and there were six at Tallow, while the meeting numbered about two thousand. Our Artist, Mr. Claude Byrne, furnishes a sketch of the whimsical scene, and one of the delivery of the Dublin morning newspapers to Mr. Pyne. His other sketches represent similar incidents to those formerly mentioned in the proceedings of county sheriffs, with the constabulary force, engaged in executing judicial decrees of eviction for non-payment of rent. A car which was hired to convey the police is seen to have broken down on the road, which may be the result of contrivance. A mounted scout, who had gone forth to watch the approach of the sheriff and the evicting party, is returning to warn the peasantry at the neighbouring village and in the surrounding fields.

LORD ROSEBURY ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

The inaugural meeting of the Edinburgh and East of Scotland branch of the Imperial Federation League was held on Nov. 16, in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh. Lord Rosebery, who presided, said that there was no part of the United Kingdom which had a greater right or greater duty in respect to this movement than Scotland. After all, in proportion to her population and resources, no part of the United Kingdom had the same responsibility both with regard to the founding and maintaining of their colonial empire. Wherever a colony was growing, or men were wanted for colonial enterprise, it was Scotchmen that were mainly called for. He said, therefore, that it was the duty of Scotland to take no mean position as regarded that movement. Perhaps he went beyond his own limit, because, if he were to tell them what was the real foundation of all his politics, party or otherwise, they would find that it lay in Imperial Federation, in that closer union of the empire which at this moment was absolutely essentially required not merely for their predominance, but for their future existence. Many people had a well-founded objection to the principles of the Imperial Federation League, because they said it had no definite and practical scheme to submit to the country. Now, that he fully admitted to be true, and wisely true. If they wished to create Imperial Federation it must be a mutual and not a onesided affair. The inspiration might come from Great Britain; but the response must come from the Colonies themselves. In response to a memorial presented by the Imperial Federation League, the present Government had summoned a conference which dealt with various colonial questions, of which the main one was the defence of the empire. The conference took place, and he thought that no one who had studied the voluminous report that they issued in two volumes would fail to see that not merely were the actual and immediate results of the conference very great, but as a movement onwards towards Imperial Federation it was infinitely greater. Well, then, he said they had not merely the idea to record, but they had the practical progress of their movement.

It is stated in the Polish papers that all the Russian officials stationed along the whole line of the Austro-Russian frontier have been ordered to learn the German language, as far as possible, by March, 1888.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company in Berlin opened its fourth season on Nov. 16 with the "Mikado," before a large and fashionable audience. On Nov. 26 the first performance of "Pinafore" will be given.

Princess Christian on Nov. 16 opened a chrysanthemum show at the People's Palace, Mile End-road; and next day she opened the annual sale of needlework in connection with the Royal School of Art Needlework in Exhibition-road, South Kensington. Her Royal Highness opened a Club and Institute for Young Women on Saturday, Nov. 19, in the parish of St. Clement, Lever-street, Finsbury; and subsequently paid a visit to the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road. The Princess has forwarded a second present to the Bethnal-green Free Library.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

At the Goupil Gallery (No. 117, New Bond-street) Messrs. Boussois, Valadon, and Co. have arranged a fairly representative collection of the works of Mr. Aubrey Hunt, who hitherto has chiefly exhibited at the Society of British Artists. Mr. Aubrey Hunt is an American painter of considerable talents, and when he devotes them to the rendering of his own thoughts and feelings inspires us with interest. In such works as "Summer Skies" (6), "Cloudland" (19), "The Sands at Granville" (10), and "The Old Lime Works" (29), we recognise his sympathy with, and mastery of, rolling clouds and subdued light. He receives vivid but general impressions of external objects, and transfers them to his canvas with freshness and originality. In other works his French training shows to less advantage, suggesting that he has by turns been subjected to individual influences of which he has caught the mannerism rather than the spirit. He can imitate, with apparently equal ease, Daubigny, as in the study of "Evening" (36); Corot, without his luminous haze, as in "A Pastoral" (37); Hagborg, without his firmness, as in the "Washing Scene on the Seine" (40); and, to some extent, Mesdag—who, by-the-way, is Dutch, not French—in the study of "A Fishing Pink entering Harbour" (35). As for "The Young Musician" (14), we can only say that Mr. Whistler does this sort of work so pre-eminently well, that it is a pity to challenge comparison with that eclectic teacher. Among the other pictures which especially deserve notice are the pair of narrow panels, "The Fisherman's Haunt" (4) and "Gourlay-sur-Marne" (8), which should, if possible, be kept together; "A Summer Afternoon" (21), "Near Dordrecht" (31), and the grey, dull street of "Ligny-sur-Marne" (46), under its leaden clouds.

The St. James's Gallery (King-street, St. James's) is now the recognised home of "black and white," and Mr. Mendoza's fifth exhibition shows but little, if any, falling off in quantity or quality of the drawings exhibited. When artists like Mr. Calderon, Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. Albert Moore, Mr. Wyllie, Mr. Macbeth, &c., find "black and white" a suitable medium for their art, it is not surprising to find the general level of excellence raised. These, and others who are equally well known, are represented in Mr. Mendoza's collection, and it is only necessary to mention such works as Mr. R. W. Macbeth's "Ship Inn, Lynn" (146), or his "Evening in the Fens" (134), or Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Pool, London Bridge" (93), to show that they are not satisfied with giving merely the support of their names. Amongst the works by less-known artists, Miss M. Gemmell's head, "Cornwallis Fitzclarence" (24), shows no small power of execution, but the expression seems to be that of an older and more dreamy child than the traits indicate; Mr. G. Morton's "September" (57) is a prettily-conceived pastoral, with no little poetry of the Mason school, but marred by the weakness of the figures introduced; Mr. V. P. Yglesias, on the other hand, shows, especially in his "Sunset after Rain" (139), almost too much strength, and he might with advantage study the unobtrusive but delicate work hung beneath his own—Miss J. R. Thomas's "Richmond Hill" (140)—in which the soft distances and diffused lights are rendered with a truly Turner-esque effect. Miss Thomas has employed charcoal as her medium. To produce by it a work so delicate must have demanded an expenditure of time out of all proportion (in a money point of view) with the probable results; but as a work of art, and in order to show what can be done with such simple materials, Miss Thomas's work has a value of its own, which cannot be estimated in money. If she proposes to persevere in this line, she would do well to study the process by which H. B. obtained his well-deserved popularity. Mr. Alfred Ward's "Love's Messenger" (151) is a prettily posed child with flowers in her arms, but marred by large hands. Miss Amy Webb's "Off Dover" (86) shows much power in rendering the real movement of the waves; and Mr. J. N. Drummond, Mr. Caton Woodville, and Mr. Herbert Railton are exceptionally well represented by their respective works.

The full-length portrait of Mr. John Bright, by Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., has just been placed in the Reform Club, where it occupies one of the spaces on the north side of the gallery running round the great hall. Mr. Bright is represented seated, with his face turned towards the spectator. The picture, as a work of art, displays Mr. Holl's skill in dealing with our present simple costume, but it conveys, moreover, in a very marked manner that combination of gentleness and strength which are combined in Mr. Bright's face and character. The committee have, with good reason, made some alterations in the arrangement of their pictures consequent upon the completion of this work. Mr. Cobden's portrait has been transferred from the other side of the hall, so as to form a pendant to Mr. Bright's, taking the place of the standing figure of O'Connell, which now finds a more suitable place on the south wall.

A recent inspection of bronzes in the Madrid collection has revealed the disappearance of eleven statuettes. The greater part of the stolen bronzes belong to the series presented by Charles III., and brought by him from Italy, where they had been discovered in the excavations at Herculaneum. Among the stolen figures are a Ganymede, with curly hair; a Theseus, in complete armour; and a Camillus, dressed in a short tunic, the right arm extended. There was also among those lost another Camillus in a long tunic and flowing cloak; as well as a Minerva and a Gladiator, all of them once having belonged to the Salamanca collection.

After a busy season lasting over three months, the French Hellenic Society of Athens has brought to a temporary close its excavations at Mantinea. The theatre, of which the site was easily distinguishable after the lapse of ages, was first attacked, and both the stage and auditorium are now exposed to view. Amongst the buildings, of which vestiges were discovered during the progress of the works, were traces of a temple (formerly that of Hera or Juno—mentioned by Pausanias) and of the agora or market-place. The most interesting result, historically speaking, of the labours of the year is the evidence afforded by the various architectural remains of the prolonged importance of Mantinea. Whilst some of the sculpture goes back to the archaic period of Greek art, the richly decorated Doric columns in other buildings are obviously the product of a comparatively recent date. The greatest interest, however, centres round three bas-reliefs representing the contest of Apollo and Marsyas in the presence of the Muses. Of the nine sisters six are present, and are holding in their hands musical instruments or rolls of manuscript. It is now being hotly discussed whether, or not, these reliefs originally formed part of the pedestal of the statue of Latona and her children, mentioned by Pausanias, of which the sculptor was Praxiteles.

Messrs. Boussois, Valadon, and Co., are about to issue a photogravure of the portrait of Madame Adelina Patti by Mr. James Sant, R.A.

Baron Henry De Worms entertained at dinner on Thursday, Nov. 24, at the Foreign Office, the delegates commissioned by Continental Governments to take part in the International Conference on Sugar Bounties, which met on that day.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Nov. 22.

The Rouvier Cabinet has fallen, and the state of public affairs is worse than ever. The man who overthrew the Ministry was, as usual, Clémenceau; but his intention in so doing was to strike the President of the Republic. The fall of the feeble Rouvier Ministry is only a consequence in this present crisis: it is a manoeuvre in the struggle now going on between the Chamber and the President of the Republic, if not between the Republic and its President. In the revelations provoked by the Wilson scandal it has been found that during the past six years the Elysée Palace has been an agency where all kinds of suspicious affairs have been transacted by M. Grévy's son-in-law, and M. Grévy's weakness as regards this son-in-law has finally amounted to complicity. During the past ten days the whole French press has been growing more and more unanimous, and more and more imperative in demanding the resignation of M. Grévy. The overthrowing of the Rouvier Cabinet is a final invitation to resign; but it is in vain that France cries, in all tones, to her President: "Go away! go away! I have had enough of you." M. Grévy obstinately refuses to go, and the situation becomes in consequence grotesque. M. Grévy persists in remaining President of the Republic, and there exists no legal means of depriving him of his office. M. Grévy seems to consider the present scandal and crisis as a campaign against the executive power of which he is the guardian. He believes that he is doing his duty in remaining. Nothing touches him. He looks upon himself as the defender of the Constitution.

Given the unprecedented conditions, the present crisis promises to be as long as it is tiresome. But remark how the character of the French has changed: the condition of affairs is very grave, and yet there is no special animation in the streets, no manifestations, no seditious cries, and no talk of a change of régime, or of a return to Monarchy. In a letter-manifesto just published Prince Napoleon says:—"What France wants, what France asks of the Republic, is a Government where all the powers come from the people; a wise and prudent Government, capable of continuous action, and not the puppet of intrigues or the prey of parties. . . . France is smitten. But has not that honest and grand country already known corruption and shame? Has she not risen again cured of her wounds? She will get cured this time, I hope and trust, without having recourse to a dictator or to violence." It is true we have before us a Presidential crisis, a Parliamentary crisis, a threatened financial crisis, an administration of justice sadly compromised, a police with diminished authority, a total absence of government, and the shade of a new Commune looming in the background. But the outcome of the whole will probably be simply serious modifications in the system of Parliamentary government. The days of revolution are over. There are no longer any men like those of 1789 and 1848—enthusiasts, soldiers of an idea, incorruptible, devoting their lives to the realisation of an abstraction. Louis Blanc was the last of the revolutionaries of this type. Our modern politicians are more practical and less ideal. Our modern electors cannot be led by sonorous words and humanitarian ideas. We are all dry as trigonometry, sceptical, pessimist, mindful of the completeness of our skin. There will be no barricades.

In that very calm, limited, and monotonous series of events which mark the social season at Paris, so far as there is such a season, are two or three grand "first nights," a new score at the Opera, a new play at the Française, or a new piece by a great author at some other theatre. The authors must be celebrities like Dumas or Sardou, or Edouard Pailleron since his "Monde où l'on s'ennuie" made him famous and sent him to the Academy. It seems to me at least two years since we first began to hear about Pailleron's "La Souris" which has just been produced at the Comédie Française with considerable, if not with brilliant, success. "La Souris" or "the mouse" is a girl of seventeen, fresh from school. Her stepmother, Madame De Moisaud, tyrannises over her. Her stepfather, Clotilde, loves her and dreams of marrying her to the Marquis Max De Simiers, a quadragenarian beau, who has at length grown tired of his Parisian existence of a successful Don Juan, and become Clotilde's neighbour in Touraine. Clotilde is married to a Polish Count Woiski, whose unexemplary habits have landed him in a private asylum, where delirium tremens is rapidly finishing him. Clotilde and Max are old society acquaintances, and since they have been neighbours in the country their acquaintance has become more sentimental; but Clotilde is not free; and, besides, she wishes, or she thinks that she wishes, Max to marry the "mouse," her stepfather, Martha, whom Max persists in treating as a child, and teasing in a most disagreeable manner. One day Martha rebels; the "mouse" reveals herself to be a woman; and Max falls in love with her. Meanwhile, Clotilde becomes a widow; she is free. She too, loves Max; but she sacrifices herself for her stepfather; and so the retired Don Juan of forty-three marries the young girl of seventeen. The above is the baldest possible outline of the plot, the development of which is helped by the presence of two coquettes, whose rôles are rich in comedy effects. The piece thus has five feminine and only one masculine part. Played to perfection by M. Worms, Mdles. Bartet, Reichemberg, Montaland, Broisat, and Samary, "La Souris" is amusing, and in several scenes fascinating and delightful; but if it were acted by less admirable artists one wonders what would become of it. In "La Souris" there is no action, and three acts of talk; and if the talk is not well talked there is an end of the piece. However, we may expect "La Souris" to hold a conspicuous place in the current repertory of the Comédie Française for the next six months.

General Le Flô, Minister of War of the Government of the Défense Nationale, formerly French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, died on Nov. 18, at his château at Morlaix. The General was born in 1804, fought bravely in Africa, was appointed by Cavaignac, in 1848, Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia. The same year he was elected to the Constituent Assembly, became an ardent adversary of Louis Napoleon, and was arrested on the night of the *coup d'état*, and expelled from France. In 1870 he came to the front once more, and after the troubles he resigned his post as Minister of War, and was sent to St. Petersburg, where his personal relations with the Czar were very useful to France. Recently there was published an account of the services rendered by General Le Flô in 1875, when the Czar directly intervened to prevent a new conflict between France and Germany. In 1879 General Le Flô was replaced at St. Petersburg by General Chanzy, and since then he had lived in retirement.

November 17 was an anniversary worthy of passing mention. It was a centenary of Liberalism. On Nov. 17, 1787, Louis XVI. signed the edict of toleration which gave to French Protestants, after a century of proscription, a commencement of religious and civil liberty. Nov. 17 was a centenary of liberty of conscience, or, rather, of the secularisation of civil life. This decree of Louis XVI. granted to the Protestants simply the right to live in peace, to have a legal family, and to die in liberty. They still remained excluded from judicial or municipal offices, and from public instruction; nevertheless

the decree proclaimed in spirit at least religious liberty. It is curious to note that with the present Republic the old Louis XIV. spirit of intolerance, the spirit that dictated the Edict of Nantes, is reappearing in a new form: certain people try to establish between the Republic and religion in all forms an opposition so radical that any man who is sincerely and publicly religious is from that very fact suspected of being a bad Republican. We shall soon need an edict of toleration and pacification between the French Republicans and the French nation.

It is needless to dwell upon the details of the Wilson scandal. Parliament has authorised the prosecution of the son-in-law of the President of the Republic.—The tribunal has condemned General D'Andlau to five years' imprisonment and 3000f. fine; Madame Ratazzi to thirteen months' imprisonment and 2000f. fine; Madame De Courteuil to two months' and Bayle to four months' imprisonment. M. Gragnon, Prefect of Police, has been sacrificed, owing to the Wilson affair, and M. Léon Bourgeois has been appointed Prefect in his place. When and how the scandal will end it is difficult to foresee; the further the inquiry is pushed the more people are compromised, and the more profound and widespread the corruption appears.

T. C.

The King of Italy opened the Session of the Italian Parliament with full State, on Nov. 16, and in his speech from the throne dwelt upon the satisfactory foreign relations of the kingdom, and declared that its alliances were solely for the maintenance of peace.—The Sultan has conferred the Grand Cordon of the Osmanieh Order, set in diamonds, upon the Crown Prince of Italy.—The last Italian detachment for Massowah left Naples on Nov. 16, in the transports Egadi, Solunto, Egitto, Margherita, and Faro. It was composed of 120 officers, 2800 men, 431 mules—bringing the force sent during the last three weeks up to 480 officers, 10,500 men, and 1800 mules and horses.

After three months' stay at Fredensborg, the Czar and Czarina, with their family, and the Princess of Wales, with her daughters, left Copenhagen on Nov. 17. The King and Crown Prince of Denmark, the members of the Cabinet, and the foreign Diplomatic Body were present at the railway station. The Imperial and Royal party met with an enthusiastic reception from the people both at Fredensborg and at Copenhagen.

The Emperor William drove out on Nov. 16 for the first time since his recent illness. The Czar and Czarina arrived at Berlin on Nov. 17, and were received by the Emperor and Prince William, in the presence of dense crowds of spectators. At noon the Emperor William visited the Czar at the Russian Embassy, and two hours later the Czarina and her five children visited the Emperor at the Imperial Palace, where, in the evening, a banquet was given. Prince Bismarck also paid a visit to the Czar, and in return received General Tohrévin, aide-de-camp to his Majesty. The Czar repeatedly expressed his sincere condolence with the Emperor, Princes William and Henry, and Prince Bismarck on the illness of the Crown Prince. The reports from San Remo are that the general health of the Crown Prince continues good, and the swelling in his throat has disappeared and his voice is somewhat better. Monday, Nov. 21, being the birthday of the Crown Princess, bouquets were presented to her Imperial Highness at the Villa Zirio by Mrs. Congreve, wife of the British Vice-Consul, on behalf of the British colony; and by Frau Nieschling, wife of the German pastor, on behalf of the German residents; while a third was offered by the Mayor of San Remo. A number of other offerings of the same kind were made. The Crown Princess has sent a donation of 1000f. to the English Ladies' Home, of which she is patroness.

The Austrian Delegation has adopted, without amendment, the Estimates of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, War, Marine, and Finance, as also the Estimates of the Supreme Court of Accounts and the Customs Revenue.

The Czar and Czarina and the other members of the Imperial family returned to Gatchina on Sunday, Nov. 20.

Mr. Chamberlain was the guest on Nov. 15 of the New York Chamber of Commerce. In his speech he said he did not look forward to any settlement of the question he had come to America to discuss which should give undue advantage to either party. It was not the interest of any great nation to make a settlement which was not permanent and thoroughly satisfactory; and, therefore, even if he could gain an advantage in discussion, he would not attempt to do it. The members of the British Fisheries Commission were presented to President Cleveland on Saturday, Nov. 19.—Mr. Barnum's menagerie, in its winter quarters at Bridgeport, Connecticut, was destroyed by fire on Sunday, Nov. 20. Three elephants, one of which was the sacred white, and another Jumbo's Alice, were burned to death. Thirty elephants, a hippopotamus, and a lion escaped across the country. The lion was found late at night devouring a cow which he had killed, and was shot. Nearly all the elephants were subsequently recovered. All the trained animals and a large number of monkeys and cats perished in the flames. The loss is estimated at about £150,000.—By a fire at Memphis 13,200 bales of cotton, with two compresses, belonging to the Merchants' Compress and Storage Company, were destroyed, the loss being estimated at 750,000 dols.

On Nov. 21 the stronghold of the Yonnie tribe was captured by British troops from Sierra Leone, after fighting their way for three miles through a series of ambushes.

The Legislative Assembly at Melbourne has voted the Victorian share of the colonial contribution of £20,000 to the Imperial Institute.—Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of Queensland, has given his assent to the New Guinea Government Bill and also to the Redistribution Bill.

A typhoon swept over the China Sea on Sept. 17, about which time H.M. gun-boat Wasp was supposed to be lost. The island of Hoi-Ling, containing 30,000 inhabitants, was struck with terrific force. Over 1000 persons are said to have been drowned, and much devastation to shipping and property was caused. Near the island of Chick-Lung, ten miles from Yo-Yung-Kong, three vessels foundered and thirty-two lives were lost.

The British steamer Wah-Yeung has been burnt in the Canton River, and 400 passengers are supposed to have been drowned.

The death is announced, from Brussels, of M. Louis Gallait, the celebrated Belgian historical painter. The deceased was in his seventy-seventh year, having been born at Tournay in 1810. M. Gallait was a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium, an honorary member of the British Royal Academy, and a Foreign Associate of the Paris Academy of Fine Arts.

Monday, Nov. 21, being "Grand Day" of Michaelmas Term at Gray's Inn, the Deputy Treasurer, Mr. George Francis (in the absence of the Treasurer, the Duke of Connaught), entertained the following guests at dinner in Gray's Inn Hall:—Lord Justice Cotton, Lord Justice Lopes, Mr. Justice Stephen, Mr. Justice Mathew, the Recorder of London, the Attorney-General, Sir John Monckton, Mr. A. E. Miller, Q.C., and Mr. Walter Severn.

THE COURT.

It has been officially announced that her Majesty leaves Balmoral for the South on Friday, Nov. 25, arriving at Windsor about nine o'clock next morning. The Queen drove out from Balmoral on Saturday morning, Nov. 19, with Princess Beatrice, and in the afternoon her Majesty went out, attended by the Hon. Ethel Cadogan. The Rev. Professor Herbert Story arrived at the castle, and, with the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. Divine service was held at the castle on Sunday morning, Nov. 20, in the presence of the Queen, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Frederica, and the members of the Royal household. The Rev. Professor Herbert Story, of Glasgow University, officiated. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Frederica, drove out in the afternoon. The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie and the Rev. Herbert Story had again the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House on Saturday, Nov. 19, from Denmark. They were met at Charing-cross Station by the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness presided the same day at a meeting of the Council of his Royal Highness, held at the office of the Duchy of Cornwall, Buckingham-gate. The Prince and Princess, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service on Sunday, Nov. 20. The Maharajah and the Maharane of Cooch Behar visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon. The Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Teck, Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, and Princess Victoria of Teck visited the Prince and Princess of Wales on Monday, Nov. 21, and remained to luncheon. The Prince left Marlborough House in the afternoon on a visit to Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, M.P., and Mrs. Tyssen-Amherst, at Didlington Hall, Norfolk.

The forty-seventh birthday of the Crown Princess of Germany was celebrated at Windsor on Monday, Nov. 20. The bells of St. George's Chapel and St. John's Church rang merrily at intervals, and a Royal salute was fired at one o'clock in the Long Walk.

Official notification has been given of the reappointment of Prince Louis of Battenberg as Commander of her Majesty's ship Dreadnought.

The Duchess of Cumberland has given birth to a son.

BURNING OF IRNHAM HALL.

On the evening of Saturday, Nov. 12, fire was perceived bursting out in a bed-room at Irnham Hall, near Corby, Lincolnshire. It was found that an old beam in the drawing-room chimney had ignited; means were taken to put out the flames, and the fire-engine from Grimsthorpe Castle, the residence of the Baroness Willoughby de Eresby, three miles from Irnham, was quickly on the spot, followed by the fire-engines from Bourne, Colsterworth, and Grantham, but the fire had attained such ascendancy that it could not be subdued till midnight. By that time the entire wing of the hall containing the dining-room, drawing-room, and numerous bed-rooms, with the chapel and organ, was completely destroyed, and the roof had fallen in. Much of the furniture and valuable property was saved, and carried out upon the lawn and into the coach-houses. The night was fine and still, but very dark, and the blaze of the fire was seen at a great distance. The engines had to play on the ruins during the Sunday and Monday.

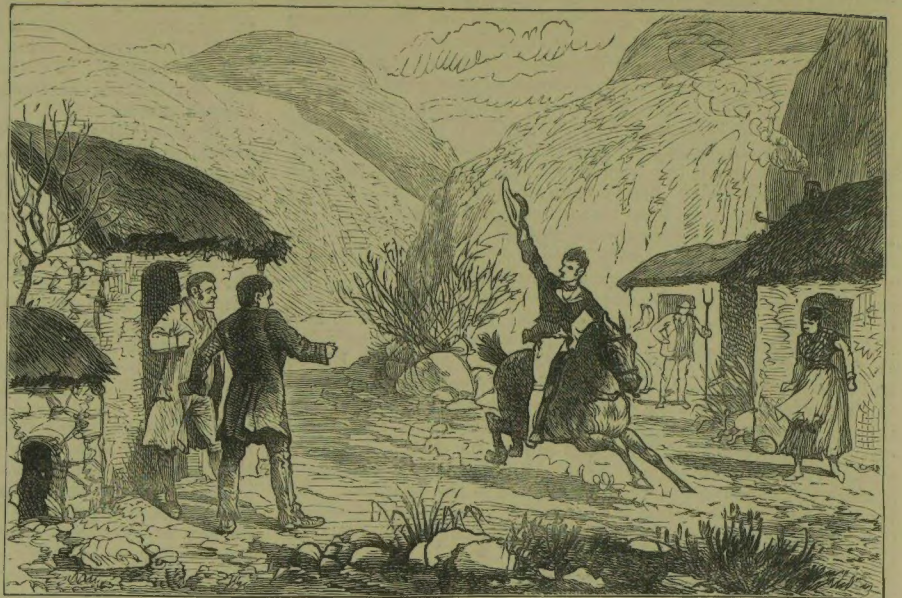
Irnham Hall is the property of Miss Isabel Hervey Woodhouse, who is lady of the manor of Irnham and Corby. Until recently it was tenanted by Mr. James Hornsby, of the well-known Grantham firm of agricultural implement makers. It is now in the occupation of Mr. Cafferata, of Newark-on-Trent. Happily, his large family and household, with numerous guests just arrived for a week's shooting, escaped injury in this sudden conflagration; but much of their private property and clothing was destroyed. Irnham Hall is a large mansion in the Tudor style, built about the year 1510, in the form of the letter L, by Richard Thimelby. The manor had originally been presented by William the Conqueror to Ralph Paganel; and was held, in succession, by the Thimelbys, the Conquests, and the Cliffords, until it was bought by the late Mr. Woodhouse, the great Marsala wine-merchant. It had several priests' hiding-places, one the access to which was through a step in the upper staircase, which lifted up, and in which was a mattress and a book of devotion. In the church, which is close to the hall, and had a narrow escape from destruction, are monuments of Sir Andrew Lutterel, Thimelbys, Conquests, Cliffords, and other owners of the hall. It stood in a well-timbered deer-park of 270 acres, in the pleasantest part of South Lincolnshire, distant 2½ miles from the Corby station on the Great Northern line. The damage done by the fire is estimated at £13,000, but is covered by insurance. Our Illustration is from a sketch by "Cuthbert Bede," who resides in the next village to Irnham, and witnessed the fire. We give also a view of the interior of the hall.

The expansion of the production of tea in India has during the past season again been considerable, the revised estimate of the Indian Tea Brokers' Association showing that no less than 86,135,859 lb. have been produced. Of this amount it is estimated that, after supplying the requirements of India itself and sending about 2,000,000 lb. to Australia and to other places, 82,500,000 lb. are left for export to England, against a total of 75,750,000 lb. last year. At the same time that this expansion has been going on in India the opposite has been the case with China; for, instead of 125,000,000 lb. being exported from that country to England, as was the case in the "season" of last year, only 97,000,000 lb. have been sent here in the corresponding period this year, showing a falling off of 28,000,000 lb.

The following gentlemen have been called to the Bar by the Middle Temple:—Ellis Jones Griffith, B.A. London University, M.A., LL.B. Cambridge University, Fifty Guineas Middle Temple International Law Scholarship, 100 Guineas Studentship in Roman Law and Jurisprudence; Edward Jenks, B.A., LL.B., Scholar King's College, Cambridge, Thirty Guineas Real Property Scholarship, Middle Temple Senior 100 Guineas Studentship in Roman Law and Jurisprudence, Barstow Council of Legal Education Scholar (1887), Senior and Chancellor's Medallist Cambridge Law Tripos (1886), First Class Cambridge History Tripos (1887); Madan Gopal, M.A., Calcutta University, Studentship 100 Guineas Roman Law and Jurisprudence; Frederick A. Robertson, Bengal Civil Service; Thomas C. Ledlie; Arthur S. Moriarty, Scholar Lincoln College, Oxford, and Bombay Civil Service; John C. Wason, Rajani Kanta Sen, F.A., Calcutta University and University of London; Walter W. Folkard, Henry N. Morison, Arthur G. Ford, Southwell G. T. Bourke, William Wainwright, Rufus D. Isaacs, Edgar B. Pymar, B.A., LL.B., King's College, Cambridge; Thomas Douglas, LL.D., Royal University, Ireland; Joseph B. Agard; David V. Meager, Clifford's Inn Prize Incorporated Law Society, £70 Council of Legal Education, Common Law, and Equity Prize, and £50 Common Law and Real and Personal Property Prize; Harrington Morgan, Pembroke College, Oxford; James B. Gooding; and William A. Emsley.



THE STATE OF IRELAND: BREAKDOWN OF A POLICE CAR ON THE ROAD TO AN EVICTION.



MOUNTED SCOUT WARNING THE PEASANTS OF THE ADVANCE OF THE SHERIFF AND EVICTING PARTY.



FIRE AT IRNHAM HALL, LINCOLNSHIRE.

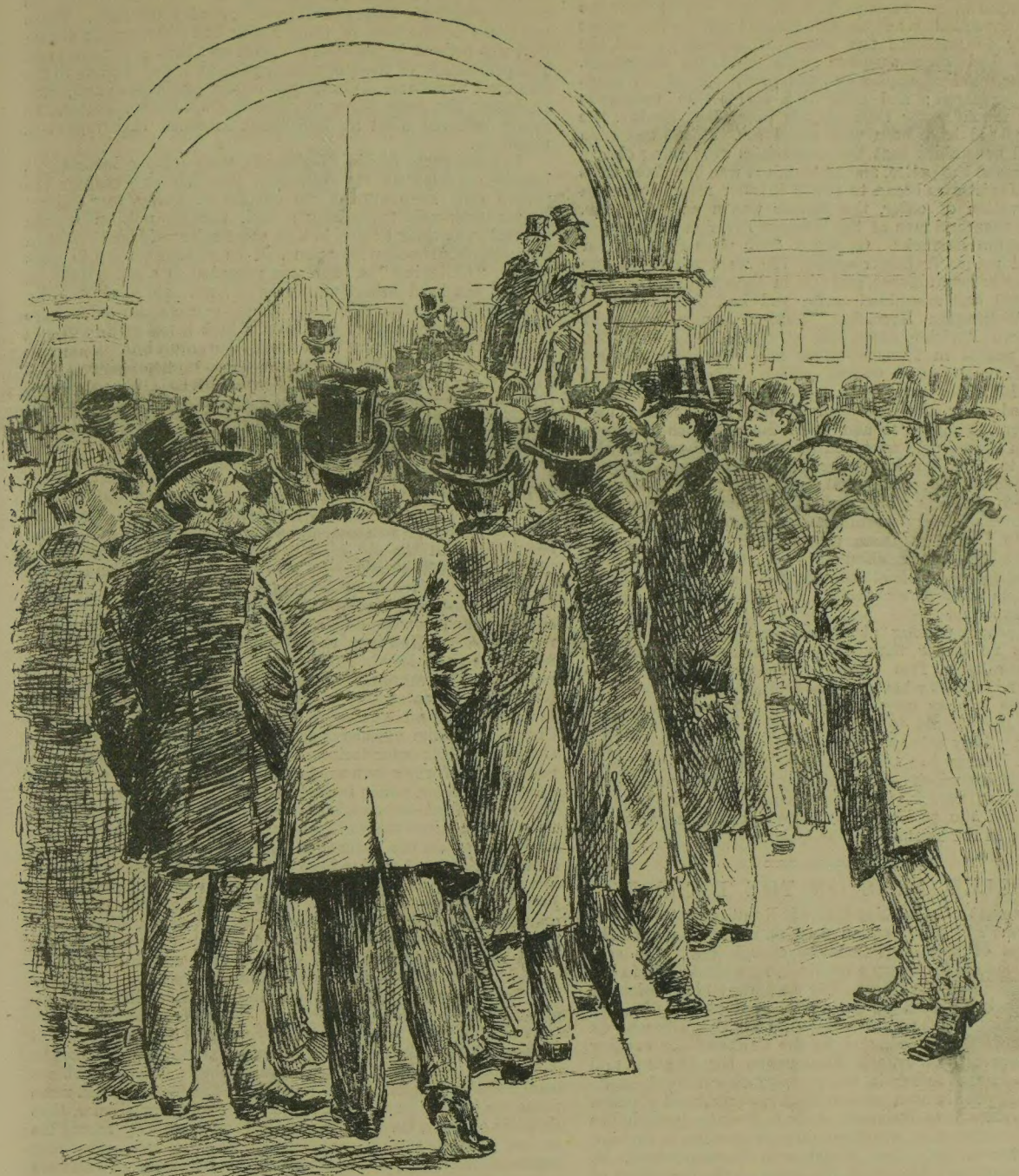


THE GREAT HALL, IRNHAM HALL, LINCOLNSHIRE.



ROUMANIAN FRONTIER GUARDS SEARCHING A BOAT ON THE DANUBE FOR CONTRABAND RUSSIAN MUSKETS.

FROM A SKETCH BY M. LACHMANN.



FOOT OF STAIRCASE, BOW-STREET.



THE GUARDS' CLUB.

WORKING-MEN'S CLUB.



HAS BEEN WAITING SEVERAL HOURS IN THE WRONG COURT.

ENROLMENT OF SPECIAL CONSTABLES.



THE HYDE PARK MEETING, SUNDAY, NOV. 20.

HYDE PARK AND TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

The complete defeat, on Sunday, Nov. 13, by Sir Charles Warren and the Metropolitan Police, with the Life Guards and Grenadier Guards to support him, of the forcible attempt made by certain London political clubs, Socialists, and Irish Nationalists, to hold a meeting in the forbidden place, Trafalgar-square, and to approach it in street processions with banners and bands of music, was described and illustrated in the last Number of this Journal. Arrangements were made by the Chief Commissioner of Police, with the sanction of the Right Hon. H. Matthews, M.P., Secretary of State for the Home Department, who authorised the voluntary enrolment of special constables, to prevent the invasion of Trafalgar-square on the following Sunday, Nov. 20, while it was intimated that there would be no interference with a meeting in Hyde Park. This was regarded with very little apprehension of a serious conflict; and it took place, accordingly, in damp, gloomy, misty, and chilly weather, under rather depressing circumstances, by the march of organised processions to Hyde Park along the permitted routes, Holborn and Oxford-street, Edgeware-road, and from Westminster Bridge through Victoria-street and up Constitution-hill; about forty thousand people, of whom the great majority were idle spectators, gathering in the park, where speeches were delivered from five waggons, used as platforms, to the small congregation within hearing of each appointed batch of mob orators. The resolutions passed by acclamation were as follows:—

That this meeting regards the imprisonment of Mr. O'Brien, M.P., and other Irish patriots as an act of tyranny and an insult to the people of the United Kingdom, and demands their immediate release.

That this meeting condemns the conduct of the Government in allowing the Commissioner of Police to proclaim away the hitherto undisputed right of the people to hold bona-fide meetings in Trafalgar-square, and desires to record its indignation and disgust at the wanton brutality of the police last Sunday—a brutality which has excited the surprise of the civilised world.

The processions to the park were escorted by strong guards of police-constables, mounted and on foot, but made a poor show, having failed to join in combined bodies, as they did on the Sunday before, at the centres of their respective local divisions: Clerkenwell-green for North London, Paddington-green for West London, and the General Post Office for East London, though at Westminster Bridge, for South London, the body was more compactly formed. Parliament-street, Northumberland-avenue, St. James's Park, the Strand, and the streets leading from Oxford-street to St. Martin's-lane, as well as Piccadilly, were closed to the processions by double lines of police, with special constables ready to assist them if called for; and the only attempt to invade the protected quarter was that made by a disorderly gang of two or three hundred "roughs," who tried a rush from High Holborn, near Bloomsbury, down towards Trafalgar-square. These were encountered by Inspector Archell, of the S division, who was posted at the beginning of New Oxford-street with fifty constables. The constables were thrown across the roadway to stop the progress of the crowd and to ascertain what was going on. The mob, therefore, diverged with the view of going down Queen-street and getting into Trafalgar-square. One of the bandsmen in the encounter assaulted one of the constables, and he was taken into custody with three others who were in the disorderly portion of the crowd. They were taken to Bow-street and charged with riotous conduct. Three or four broken heads or scalp wounds of slight importance, and one or two fractured legs of persons accidentally knocked down, were treated at the neighbouring hospitals.

Our Artists' Sketches of scenes in Hyde Park, or on the routes of the processions, mostly represent ludicrous incidents—among which is the practical joke of carrying an old broom, "to sweep away the Coercion Government"; and the romantic trade of an Irishman selling badges or favours of "Mr. O'Brien's Green." But the enrolment and swearing-in of special constables to keep the peace, on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday before the Hyde Park meeting, was an occasion of some public interest; and we present illustrations of these unusual proceedings at Bow-street Police-Office.

THE SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Daniell, who was appointed chief officer of special constables for the Metropolitan Police District, issued the following instructions:—

Special Constables are informed that they will only be called out in cases of emergency, or when, in the opinion of the Commissioner of Police, large disorderly crowds are likely to assemble. No officer of special constables has any authority whatsoever over any member of the regular police force. Special constables on duty are prohibited from carrying any description of revolver, pistol, sword-stick, or dagger. The only authorised weapon is a constable's staff, or in its absence a stick as described in Par. 10 of the Orders of Nov. 17. Badges for officers of special constables have been issued to the district head-quarters. Officers of all ranks are to wear the blue striped police armband on the left arm above the elbow, and the red badge on the right arm above the elbow. The badges to be securely fastened by stitching or safety-pins to the coat-sleeves. Special constables called out for duty are recommended to carry some provisions in their pockets.

The special constables for each parish had to report themselves to the officer in command at the head-quarters of the district. Rallying-points in the district were selected by the officer in command, and a police-station in each parish for the head of the special constables. The special constables of each parish were empowered to elect superintendents and deputy superintendents for every hundred men, under the direction of special officers selected from the special constables by Colonel Daniell. The number of special constables who paraded on Sunday was:—Northern District, 2000; Southern District, 550; Eastern District, 800; Western District, 3000. The Commandants were:—Northern District, Major-General Bray, C.B.; Southern District, Major-General Hall; Eastern District, Colonel Micklem, C.E.; Western District, Major-General the Hon. P. Fielding. The special constables were enjoined not to act, in any event, until called on to assist or support the police.

The business of admitting them and administering the oath was carried on, during several hours of each day, at the police-courts of Bow-street, Westminster, Marlborough-street, Marylebone, Clerkenwell, Worship-street, Lambeth, Southwark, Greenwich, and Wandsworth, and by special courts of Middlesex Magistrates, at the vestry-halls of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, of St. George's (Hanover-square), St. James's (Piccadilly), Kensington, Marylebone, St. Pancras, Paddington, Hammersmith, and other large parishes; many gentlemen of high social position, retired officers of the Army and Navy, professional men, clerks, tradesmen, and shop assistants, coming forward to be "sworn in." A hundred men employed as ushers, messengers, and servants of the High Courts of Justice, and large numbers of members of the Inns of Court, joined the citizen force. In the City, on Saturday, more than two thousand presented themselves at Guildhall. The applicants embraced bankers, merchants, members of the Stock Exchange, solicitors, accountants, clerks, and house-keepers. The swearing-in was continued on Monday and subsequent days. The members of several Volunteer corps, including the London Irish, paraded without arms, under their own commanding officers, and were admitted as special constables.

In Trafalgar-square, on the Sunday, this unusual addition to the forces of civil order, though restricted to the moderate number that was likely to be useful in case of resistance to

the ordinary police-constables, made an effective appearance. While only about a thousand police-constables were on duty in Trafalgar-square, there were four times that number near at hand, some in reserve, others guarding the streets by which the processions might attempt to force their way towards the square. Four squadrons of the Life Guards and the Grenadiers were ready to reinforce the police, if necessary; and the Grenadiers had been supplied with buckshot cartridges. Ambulances, medical appliances, and provisions of all kinds had been prepared; and even had the list of casualties been very much larger than on the preceding Sunday, the wounded would have been well cared for. But it was upon the special constables that the authorities were going chiefly to rely to assist the police, and although it was but three days since the Magistrates began to swear in men ready to aid in the preservation of order, the muster was a very fair one. Over three thousand men of the Western Division mustered at the Wellington Barracks. Of these, 2000 were destined for the central point, Trafalgar-square, 700 were posted at the back of Marlborough House, and 500 in Palace-yard. Of this number 1200 had assembled early, and had drilled for an hour in Wellington Barracks. Fifteen hundred men of the Northern Division assembled at the Albany Barracks, and were posted in Hanover-street and the other squares between Piccadilly and Oxford-street. The Eastern and Southern Divisions mustered in fair strength, and many were posted near the routes by which the various processions were to march to and from the park, while others remained in the suburbs to take the place of the police who had gone to Trafalgar-square. The hours of active duty began at one o'clock, when 2000 special constables marched up and took up their stations in the square. They were under the command of General the Hon. P. Feilding, and were divided into four companies, commanded, respectively, by Colonel Comerford, Sir John McNeill, Colonel Bird, and Colonel Routledge. There was, happily, nothing for them to do but to keep their stand; indeed, it could hardly be said that there was any gathering at all, for the number of people passing along the ends and sides of the square was no larger than upon any ordinary week day. The police allowed free passage through and across the enclosure, and, unless when a few people gathered to talk, did not interfere in any way with them. Nor was there any reason why they should do so. The public were perfectly quiet and orderly. They belonged, with very few exceptions, to the class Sir C. Warren has asked to keep away—namely, those moved by simple curiosity—and the rough element was entirely absent. At five o'clock, the special constables were relieved from duty, and the police force in the square was gradually diminished; in the evening all was quiet.

SMUGGLED ARMS ON THE DANUBE.

The Government of the kingdom of Roumania, though on friendly terms with the Russian Empire, has to be vigilant of the intrigues of Russian Pan Slavist conspirators, who continually endeavour to stir up a revolutionary movement in the Danubian independent States. The frontier and river-banks, from the Black Sea, and up the Pruth to Jassy, require perpetual watching by the "Dorobanti," as the Roumanian frontier guards are styled, and by the Callarassi, or cavalry patrol. Between Racavica and Kladova, on the Danube, and in the part adjacent to Serbia, this proves rather a troublesome service. Attempts are even made to import contraband Russian muskets or rifles into Bulgaria, with a view to furnish the means of an insurrection, which would give occasion to Russian military intervention. Our Artist and Correspondent, M. Lachmann, sends us a Sketch of the scene at the unloading of a boat found to contain such a mischievous cargo.

Madame Tussaud and Sons have added a portrait model of Madame Lind-Goldschmidt to their galleries. She is portrayed in the character of the "Daughter of the Regiment."

Mr. Kirwan gave at Steinway Hall, on Thursday evening, Nov. 24, the first of three recitals on Three Centuries of English Literature, Music, and Drama.

A reredos, formed entirely of alabaster, has been erected in the parish church of Whitechapel, by Mrs. Coope, as a memorial of her late husband, Mr. Coope, M.P., who defrayed the entire cost of erecting the above church, amounting to £30,000.

Two men, presumably Americans, giving the names of Callan and Harkins, have been charged at Bow-street Police-Court with being in possession of dynamite and being concerned in a conspiracy likely to endanger life. Some preliminary evidence having been given by a police superintendent, the prisoners were remanded and taken away in the van, guarded by mounted police.

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Captain William James Boggs, of the American steamer Indiana, of Philadelphia, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the British barque Lammermer, of Belfast, whom he rescued at sea and conveyed to Philadelphia, declining to accept subsistence money for their maintenance on board his vessel. The Board have also awarded a gold shipwreck medal to Henry F. Kauffmann, chief mate, and a silver medal and a sum of £2 each to Joseph Wilding, Peter Peterson, and John Anthony, seamen of the Indiana, who manned one of the two boats which effected the rescue, the other boat belonged to the shipwrecked vessel.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey during Advent and December are:—Advent Sunday, Nov. 27, at ten, the Rev. H. Aldrich Cotton, Minor Canon; at three, Canon Prothero, Sub-Dean; at seven, Archdeacon Matthew, Bishop Designate of Lahore; offertory for poor of Westminster;—Second Sunday in Advent, Dec. 4, at ten, the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck, Minor Canon; at three, Canon Rowsell; at seven, the Rev. Dr. Bright, Master of University College, Oxford; offertory for poor of Westminster;—Third Sunday in Advent, Dec. 11, at ten, the Rev. Dr. Oliver, Vicar of Ealing; at three, Canon Rowsell; at seven, the Bishop of Bedford; offertory for East London Nursing Association;—Fourth Sunday in Advent, Dec. 18, at ten, the Rev. J. H. Cheadle, Minor Canon; at three, Canon Rowsell; at seven, the Very Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple; offertory for poor of Westminster;—Christmas Day, Dec. 25, at ten, the Dean; at three, Canon Rowsell; offertory for Westminster Female Refuge; St. Thomas, Wednesday, Dec. 21, at three, Canon Rowsell; St. Stephen, Monday, Dec. 26, at three, Canon Rowsell; St. John Evangelist, Tuesday, Dec. 27, at three, Canon Rowsell; Innocents' Day, Wednesday, Dec. 28, at three, the Dean, sermon to children—collection for Destitute Children's Dinner Fund. On St. Andrew's Day, Wednesday, Nov. 30, at three p.m., special Psalms and Lessons will be used, and intercessions in reference to missions will be introduced into the service. A sermon will be preached and collection made in behalf of the Missionary Work of the Church; preacher, Rev. S. Coode Hore, of Guiana. On Monday afternoons in Advent, addresses will be given after the three o'clock services, on "Different Branches of the Work of the Church at Home and Abroad."

HIGHLAND STORY-TELLERS.

The art of telling stories vivâ voce is fast dying out since printed fiction has become so common. The weekly newspaper now finds its way into every corner, and its tales supply the winter evening's entertainment of country districts. These tales may be the best of their kind; but they want a charm that was present in the old-fashioned sort that never saw type. The personality of the story-teller gave an air of reality to the strangest narratives. Confidence begets confidence; and, with repeating the same thing so often for wondering hearers, he firmly believed what he told them, however extravagant it might be.

In some parts of the Highlands, story-telling has not yet been superseded by story-reading. On winter evenings the people still keep up the old custom of going to "cailey." This corresponds to making a call, though not on friends; generally, at their homes, but at some acknowledged resort in the neighbourhood, where you will be almost certain to meet them. "Cailey" is, therefore, regarded as a social duty, in spite of the hard things which have been said against it by gloomy Presbyterian ministers. These gentlemen used to have a horror of recreation of any kind, which is not quite the case now. Indeed, "cailey" is not only harmless, but, as a means of intercourse, highly beneficial. Without something of this kind, life would be almost intolerable in outlying Highland districts. It lends itself to good-fellowship, being simply an informal social gathering, where everybody is expected to be as entertaining as possible. If the "cailliers" have the choice of a "black" house—that is, a house with the fire on the middle of the floor—they prefer it to any other. Such a house, and especially if it be owned by an old couple, is certain to be in favour as a meeting-place. For one thing, there is plenty of accommodation around the fire for a large company; and the old folks take a delight in keeping up the old customs. The good wife, who busies herself with carding or spinning, gives a kind word to everybody that arrives. Having unmarried daughters, perhaps it is only natural that she should show some slight favour in the case of this young man or that. However, the circumstances are understood, so no one feels aggrieved. Each and all of her guests are perfectly at ease. Seated around the blazing peat-fire in a circle, it would be difficult to match such a homely, happy scene. Picturesque, too, is that humble interior, with its blaze of focussed light illuminating the various features of the "cailliers," its deep shadows, and its outer darkness. The lamp, which the old woman monopolises for her own work, merely casts a gleam across the narrow chamber, while its length is lost in obscurity. Everything is quaint—often at the sacrifice of comfort: the table that folds against the wall, and looks like a notice-board; the chairs in which the natural angles of the wood are turned to such good account, and, where there was a deficiency of wood, the bark still adhering to make up the difference; pigeon-holes ranging over the walls, handy receptacles for all kinds of odds-and-ends; the roof as black as ebony, dimly seen through a cloud of smoke that fortunately only invades the lower regions when the wind blows from a certain direction; the chain on which the pots are hung, suspended over the fire, from the roof; and the spinning-wheel, which keeps up an industrious whirr.

The floor is so uneven that every chair is more or less a rocking-chair. Consequently, in taking a seat a person has to shift the chair about before he can obtain anything like a solid foundation. After all are seated comfortably, and more peats are heaped on the fire, there is an ominous silence, that reminds one of a Quaker meeting. Then somebody moves his or her chair uneasily, generally some old person, who only wants a word of encouragement to discourse of matters appropriate to the occasion, which means something superlatively supernatural. Highland people, like the Physical Research Society, cannot obtain enough information relating to ghosts and kindred uncanny studies. The old woman stops her wheel long enough to accentuate the silence, and fixes her gaze on the occupant of the restless chair, Willie Murray. She observes in Gaelic that they are very quiet to-night. Willie moves his chair again, and looks doubtfully at the younger members of the company. It is well known that he can never go abroad after dark without seeing fairies and other unsubstantial revellers of which School Boards take no account.

The School Board emissaries nudge each other, and encourage Willie to relate some of his supernatural experiences. This he does at last, and with such earnestness and minute description that the beings that sometimes torment him make their presence felt, so that for the time their influence surpasses that of the School Board. The flickering light of the fire dances through the smoky vault, casting weird shadows across the floor, and vainly endeavours to penetrate the terrible gloom that is "but" in the byre. There is neither wall nor partition of any kind to define where the kitchen ends; and the byre begins, and the sounds that come from the animals' quarters from time to time, the clank of chains or a smothered cough, along with the other surroundings, would frighten a nervous person without Willie's story. And, judging from appearances, Willie is making an impression. The old woman ceases to spin, and with an anxious face leans forward that she may be the better able to drink in every word. Young women slip closer to their male friends, forgetful that they live in a century that has all but exploded the existence of ghosts and fairies. Even the young men, although they think Willie a silly old fellow, are carried away by his wonderfully circumstantial account. However, when he has finished, they lecture him on his superstition. The old woman immediately reproves them, saying that young people now-a-days are too presumptuous, for she remembers the time when all good people were bothered like Willie; but the world is now so wicked that supernatural agencies have ceased to interfere in human concerns. After this explanation, somebody volunteers to entertain the company with a more rational story. It deals with adventure, and therefore meets the approval of everybody. Then another rises equal to the occasion, story and anecdote following each other in quick succession afterwards until a reasonable hour, when the "cailliers" betake themselves to their own homes, feeling their spirits considerably revived by the night's proceedings.

"Cailliers" have a curious custom of saying "Peace be here!" when they enter a house, the usual reply given by the master or mistress being, "So be it." Of course, story-telling does not exclude the discussion of purely personal matters. What would strike a stranger is the connection existing between such an obscure place and the uttermost ends of the earth. One of the "cailliers" has a son in India; and he gives the company an idea of what India is like, as described in his son's letters. Another has a brother in Central Africa, and he is able to expound the Dark Continent for them. A third—a girl—hands round a ring for inspection, which she has had made from gold dug by her brother in New Zealand. The gentler sex emigrate with pluck almost equal to that of men; and for a young woman to set out for the Antipodes alone, and with no friends before her, is such a common occurrence as to excite no special surprise.

J. S.

MUSIC.

The London Symphony Concerts—as briefly intimated before—have entered their second season at St. James's Hall; again under the direction of Mr. Henschel. The series (consisting of sixteen performances) offers special opportunities for the hearing of important orchestral works, adequately rendered, at a period when there is a comparative dearth of such attractions in the metropolis. The concert now referred to was rich and varied in selection, although presenting but slight novelty. The full orchestral pieces were the overtures to "Euryanthe" and "Tannhäuser," and Beethoven's symphony in C minor; the programme having also included two melodies for stringed instruments by Grieg, very characteristic and graceful pieces, which pleased greatly, especially the second—an andante. A scena and aria from Glinka's Russian opera "Russlan and Ludmilla" was a novelty here. It contains effective passages in the declamatory style, which necessarily lose somewhat when detached from the intended stage associations. The piece was finely rendered by Mr. Santley, as was Hans Sach's monologue from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." The orchestral performances were generally good, with the exception of an occasional undue predominance of the brass instruments.

Madame Adelina Patti's appearance at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday, Nov. 16, was the first of a series of farewell performances. She sang with her accustomed effect, notwithstanding the adverse influence of fog, the bravura aria "Bel raggio" from "Semiramide," the shadow-song from "Dinorah," "Home, Sweet Home," "Twas within a mile of Edinboro' Town," and Dr. L. Engel's popular ballad "Darling mine." Madame Trebelli, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and other artists contributed to a varied programme. This concert was immediately followed by Madame Patti's departure to fulfil her provincial engagements; Glasgow, Edinburgh, Leeds, Nottingham, Birmingham, Brighton, and Bristol having been the towns named for her visits, on dates ranging from Nov. 18 to Dec. 5. The second of the Albert Hall concerts is announced for Dec. 6, when the great prima donna will take her final farewell of London for a lengthened period. After singing at Paris in aid of the French Hospital in London, and elsewhere on the Continent, Madame Patti will proceed to fulfil her extensive engagements in South America.

The Sacred Harmonic Society opened a new season at St. James's Hall on Nov. 17, when the specialty was "The Garden of Olivet," performed for the first time in London. The oratorio was produced at the Norwich Festival last October, for which occasion it was expressly composed by Signor Bottesini, who had hitherto been known in England only by his incomparable performances on the double-bass; although, in his own country he had long also ranked high as a conductor, and been esteemed for his compositions. As we have already spoken of the merits and characteristics of his Norwich oratorio, brief notice may now suffice. The text, which is compiled by Mr. Joseph Bennett, is divided into two parts, respectively, entitled "The Agony" and "The Betrayal." The work is characterised as a "devotional oratorio," and this classification is correct in so far as it seems to disclaim the intention to be dramatic, a quality which enters, more or less (sometimes too much) into many oratorios. Signor Bottesini writes like a true Italian in the command of flowing and suave vocal melody, and his work, if not anywhere approaching the sublime, is throughout pleasing and devoid of those crude and spasmodic effects which are sometimes the result of an ineffectual strain after originality. The solo singers were the same in the London performance as at Norwich—Misses A. Marriott and H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Several of the pieces for solo voices proved effective, especially the duet, "Fear thou not" (Miss Marriott and Mr. Lloyd). The choral movements would have been more impressive had the chorists been better acquainted with their music. The composer conducted, in a somewhat demonstrative manner. The oratorio was followed by Mr. W. G. Cousins's "Jubilee Cantata"—an effective piece, well suited for the special occasion for which it was composed, and the concert closed with Mendelssohn's fine hymn, "Lauda Sion," given in the English version as "Praise Jehovah." Miss Marriott and Mr. Lloyd were the soloists in the cantata, that lady, Miss Wilson, Messrs. A. Grover and S. Smith having been associated in the hymn, which was conducted by Mr. W. H. Cummings, the cantata having been directed by its composer.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall are continuing a prosperous career in their Monday evening and Saturday afternoon performances. Since our last notice, Madame Norman-Néruda and Signor Piatti have continued to be, respectively, the leading and solo violoncellist, and Mdle. Janotha the solo pianist, with the exception of the concert on Saturday, Nov. 19, when Mr. Charles Hallé reappeared in this capacity, and a previous occasion, when Herr Straus was the leading violinist. Mrs. Henschel, Miss M. Hall, and Mr. Thorndike have appeared as vocalists. The afternoon concert of Nov. 19 included the first performance here (by Mr. Charles Hallé and Madame Norman-Néruda) of Brahms's sonata for pianoforte and violin, Op. 100—one of his later works, in which there is more clearness of structure and development, and a greater predominance of fluent melody, than in most of his works on a large scale.

The seventh of the present series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace (on Nov. 19) was rendered commemorative of Schubert, who died Nov. 19, 1828. The programme was chiefly devoted to a selection from his music. It is to the Crystal Palace that we owe the recovery of many fine works of Schubert from oblivion, and their first performance in this country. The programme included an overture in E minor, composed in 1819, and but recently published—a graceful piece, clear in structure and melodious in style. The great symphony in C, a selection from the charming "Rosamonde" music, and lieder expressively sung by Mrs. Henschel also entered into the selection.

Promenade Concerts have been established on the site of the Japanese Village, Hyde Park. An effective orchestra is conducted by M. Rivière, formerly associated with Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre. The new series of performances now referred to opened on Saturday, Nov. 19, when the vocalists were Misses M. Davies and M. Elliott and Mr. J. Sauvage. The skilful performance of a trio of cornet players (pupils of M. Arban) was a special feature of the evening.

Mr. John Boosey's attractive London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall began their twenty-second season on Wednesday evening, Nov. 23; when, in addition to several of our most eminent vocalists, the choir recently formed in association with these concerts contributed to a varied and attractive programme.

The second concert of the new season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society—conducted by Mr. Barnby—was to take place on Nov. 24, with a performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt"; in which the duet "The Lord is a Man of War" was assigned to four hundred of the tenors and basses of the choir, instead of two solo vocalists.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society, and the Finsbury Choral Association, announced the opening of a new season, Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend" and Mr. Cousins's "Jubilee Ode" having been promised by the first-

named institution on Nov. 21, and Mr. Barnby's cantata "Rebekah" and Gade's "Crusaders" by the Finsbury Association on Nov. 24.

The Walthamstow Musical Festival has been held. The programme announced "Elijah" for Monday, Nov. 21; a new dramatic cantata, entitled "Harold," for Thursday, Nov. 24; and a miscellaneous concert for Saturday, Nov. 26. The cantata is the composition of Mr. J. F. H. Read, to whose artistic tastes and energetic action the establishment of the festival is due. The text of the cantata—written by the Rev. F. W. Vernham—is based on Lord Lytton's novel of the same title; and Mr. Read's music, consisting of four scenes and an epilogue, comprises pieces for solo voices and chorus, and incidental orchestral movements. Judging from the printed score, the work seems well calculated to produce an effect in performance. The chorus for the occasion referred to was selected chiefly from local and neighbouring societies, a professional orchestra having been headed by Mr. Carrodus. The festival was organised in aid of the cottage hospitals and district dispensaries.

The competition for the Heathcote Long prize took place on Nov. 21, at the Royal Academy of Music. There were ten candidates, and the prize was awarded to Edgar Hulland.

THE PROPOSED ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Some progress has been made in the preliminary negotiations for the Antarctic Expedition, in which the Australian Colonies have solicited the co-operation of the Home Government. Sir Graham Berry, the *Times* believes, has had an informal interview with Lord Cross on the subject; and while his Lordship could not, of course, commit himself definitely to any promise, he showed himself very favourably inclined to the proposal, which has been laid before the Government.

The Royal Society, at the request of Sir Graham Berry, appointed a committee to report on the subject. As might have been expected, they are distinctly in favour of a serious attempt to explore a region so interesting to science, and of which we know so little. They point out, however, what must be evident to anyone who is familiar with the cost of a polar expedition, that £10,000 will go but a little way to accomplish the desired object. It would be totally inadequate to the equipment of two vessels such as would be required, for example, to penetrate the ice as far at least as Ross's Victoria Land, one of them, if possible, to winter there. For if any substantial work is to be accomplished, one or two continuous years must be devoted to it, as has been the case with the exploration of the opposite polar region. It is proposed, therefore, that the £10,000 be spent in a preliminary expedition—a sort of reconnaissance to prepare the way for a serious attack. A very moderate equipment would suffice for such a purpose, since it is only contemplated that the vessel should spend the southern summer in cruising round the edge of the south polar ice, note its character and movements, and discover, if possible, at what points the most favourable openings are likely to present themselves for a vessel specially fitted to penetrate as near to the Pole as possible. It is believed the exact terms of the Royal Society committee's recommendation are that the Home Government agree to the request of the Australian Colonies in so far as the grant of £5000 is concerned, but that the management of the proposed expedition be left entirely in Australian hands. The Royal Society will then, it is understood, if it is desired, draw up a memorandum of suggestions as to the lines on which it is most desirable that exploration should be carried on, involving not only observations of the ice border, but the collection of a connected series of physical and biological data bearing on atmospheric and ocean temperature, currents, ocean depths, the nature of the bottom, and the character of the life which inhabits the depths.

A communication from Sir Graham Berry was submitted to the council of the Royal Geographical Society on Nov. 16, and the proposed expedition received the council's cordial approval. It might be desirable, the *Times* thinks, before proceeding further, for Sir Graham Berry to take counsel as to the precise objects for which the grant is desired. If there is plenty of money to spare some of it would certainly be well spent in devoting a few months to a careful examination of the limits of Antarctic ice. The Challenger turned away with reluctance from the task, for she was not fitted to cope with moving floes and bergs; but the results she did achieve as to the character, and forms, and movements of the ice, as well as with reference to sea temperatures and depths, are of the greatest interest. If equally competent men could spend three or four months in the prosecution of similar work results would be achieved of great value to science, and of considerable practical importance. The *Times* therefore suggests that it would be more useful to spend the £10,000 in a reconnaissance of Victoria Land. The expeditions of Ross, Wilkes, and others seem to show that the most hopeful region in which to push southwards is south of New Zealand. Here we find the greatest masses of land, so far as discovery has gone; and surely it is desirable to have a good harbour as near the Pole as possible, and a fair stretch of land as a basis of exploration. Would it not be of advantage to have a thorough exploration of the coast of Victoria Land, discover its trend and extent, and a good wintering harbour, if such a harbour exists? If a satisfactory wintering station could be found, then it would be time to arrange for the equipment of a complete expedition, consisting of two vessels—one prepared, if necessary, for two years' stay. Almost the only land we are sure about quite within the Antarctic circle is Ross's Victoria Land; indeed, Ross and D'Urville are the only explorers that actually set their feet in South Polar lands. Others only report land at a distance, and the existence of some of it is highly doubtful.

The Bishop of Rochester recently consecrated the new church of St. Laurence, at Catford Bridge, Kent. The church, which is in the Early English style of architecture, has cost about £7700.

The Bishop of Rochester presided on Nov. 21 at a meeting of his Diocesan Society, when the following grants were made:—£250 for a church for the St. John's College, Cambridge, Mission District, in the parish of St. John, Walworth; £150 for a church at Sutton, £325 for various mission buildings, £250 for a parsonage for the parish of Christ Church, Rotherhithe, £50 towards the expenses of the Sunday evening services in the Victoria Hall, Lambeth, and £1080 for the salaries of living agents for the Christmas quarter.

The opening of the new Free Library and School of Art at Poole took place on Saturday, Nov. 19, and was attended, among others, by Lord Wimborne, the Earl of Ilchester, the Bishop of Salisbury, Mr. Evelyn Ashley, Mr. Elliot Lees, M.P., and Mr. G. H. Bond, M.P. The building was erected by the munificence of one of the inhabitants, Mr. J. J. Norton, at a cost of £2000. The furnishing and books, &c., have been defrayed by subscriptions, towards which Lord Wimborne gave liberally, in addition to a site, and Lady Charlotte Schreiber was also a large contributor. Alderman Styring, the Mayor, gave a dinner in the Guildhall after the opening of the institution.

OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT LIFFORD.

The Right Hon. James Hewitt, fourth Viscount and Baron Lifford of Lifford, in the county of Donegal, a representative Peer for Ireland, died on Nov. 20, at his seat near Stranorlar. He was born March 31, 1811, the only son of James, third Viscount, by Mary Anne, his wife, daughter of the first Viscount Hawarden. He graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1833, and succeeded his father in 1855. He was a J.P. and D.L. for Warwickshire, and also a D.L. for Donegal. His Lordship married, first, July 9, 1835, Lady Mary Acheson, eldest daughter of the second Earl of Gosford; and secondly, Dec. 9, 1851, Lydia Lucy, daughter of the Rev. John Digby Wingfield-Digby, and had issue by each wife. By the first (who died March 13, 1850) his eldest son, James Wilfred, now fifth Viscount, was born in 1837, and married, in 1867, Annie Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G., of Eton Vale, Queensland. The deceased Peer's great-grandfather, James, first Viscount Lifford, was Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1767.

LORD NORTHWICK.

The Right Hon. Sir George Rushout-Bowles, M.A., F.S.A., third Baron Northwick, of Northwick Park, in the county of Worcester, and a Baronet, died on Nov. 18. He was born Aug. 30, 1811, the only son of the Hon. and Rev. George Rushout-Bowles, by Lady Caroline Stewart, his wife, daughter of the seventh Earl of Galloway; and was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1834. He was formerly Captain in the 1st Life Guards, and Lieutenant-Colonel Herefordshire Militia. From 1837 to 1841 he sat in the House of Commons for Evesham, and for East Worcestershire from 1847 to 1859. In the latter year he succeeded to the Peerage, at the death of his uncle, the second Lord Northwick, the celebrated patron of the fine arts. The nobleman whose death we record married, April 15, 1869, Elizabeth Augusta, widow of Major G. D. Warburton and daughter of William, first Lord Bateman, by whom he had one child, Caroline, who died Sept. 17, 1878. The title becomes extinct.

SIR WILLIAM M'ARTHUR.

Alderman Sir William M'Arthur, K.C.M.G., died suddenly on the Metropolitan Railway on Nov. 16. He was born in 1811, son of the Rev. John M'Arthur, Wesleyan Minister of London-derry. Removing to London, in 1857, he entered largely into the Australian trade, in partnership with his brother, Mr. Alexander M'Arthur, M.P. In 1872 he was elected Alderman of Coleman-street Ward, served as Sheriff 1867-8, and was Lord Mayor of London 1880-1. He contested Pontefract, unsuccessfully, in 1865; but was returned for Lambeth, 1868 to 1885. In 1882 he received the insignia of K.C.M.G.

MR. CHAWORTH-MUSTERS.

Mr. John Chaworth-Musters, of Annesley Park, Colwick Hall, and Wiverton, all in Nottinghamshire, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1864, died on Nov. 17, at Aumont, Senlis, France. He was born in 1838, the elder son of Mr. John George Musters, of Wiverton, and succeeded, in 1849, to the estates of his grandfather, Mr. John Musters, of Colwick, the famous sportsman, who took the surname of Chaworth on his marriage with Mary Anne, daughter and heiress of Mr. George Chaworth, of Annesley, the "Mary Chaworth" of Lord Byron's poetry. Mr. Chaworth-Musters was formerly a well-known master of foxhounds, having hunted the South Notts country for some years and the Quorn Hounds from 1868 to 1870. He married, March 15, 1859, Caroline Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Sherbrooke, of Oxtou Hall, Notts, eldest brother of Lord Sherbrooke, and leaves issue. The family of Musters, of Colwick, descends from Sir John Musters, of Hornsey, knighted at Whitehall in 1663.

MR. GEORGE RIDLEY.

Mr. George Ridley, Barrister-at-Law, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne 1856 to 1860, whose death is announced, was born in 1818, the youngest son of Sir Matthew White Ridley, third Bart., of Blagdon; was called to the Bar, and became, in 1860, a Copyhold Inclosure and Tithe Commissioner.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. John Algernon Clarke, the well-known agricultural writer, on Nov. 17, in his sixtieth year.

Lady Hannah Charlotte Watson-Taylor, wife of Mr. Simon Watson-Taylor, of Erlestoke Park, Wilts, and second daughter of George, eighth Marquis of Tweeddale, K.T., on Nov. 10.

Mary Jane, Lady Head, widow of Sir Francis Somerville Head, Bart., and eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Garnett, of Wyreside, county Lancaster, on Nov. 15, aged seventy-two.

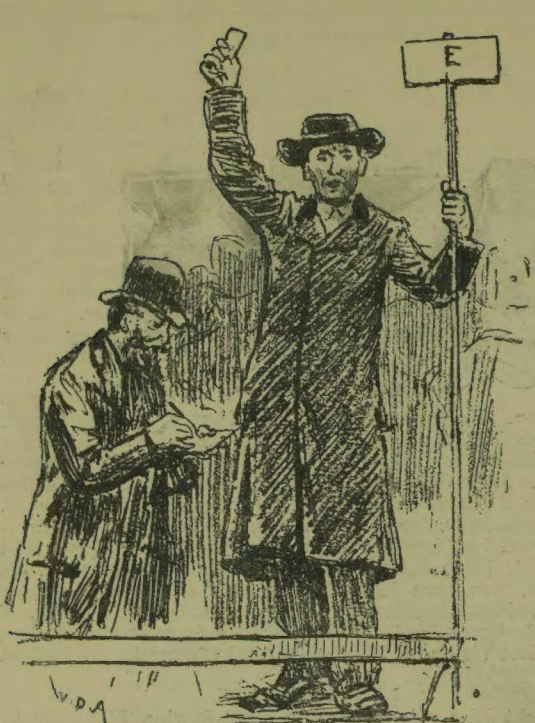
Emma, Baroness Bayning, widow of Henry, third Lord Bayning (with whom the title expired in 1866), and sister of the late Lord De Ramey, on Nov. 10, at Honingham Hall, Norfolk, aged eighty.

Mr. Titus Salt, of Milner Field, Bingley, Yorkshire, J.P., one of the principal members of the firm of Sir Titus Salt, Sons, and Co., of Saltaire, on Nov. 19, aged forty-four. He was fifth son of the late Sir Titus Salt, Bart.

Mr. Robert Caddell, of Harbourside, in the county of Meath, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1873, on Nov. 14, at Bourne-mouth, aged seventy-seven. He was only son of the late Mr. Richard O'Ferrall Caddell, of Harbourside, by his wife, the Hon. Paulina Southwell, daughter of the second Viscount Southwell.

Mr. Robert Henry Wallace-Dunlop, C.B., late Bengal Civil Service, son of the late Mr. J. A. Wallace-Dunlop, Member of Council, Bombay, on Nov. 15, at Ellerslie Tower, Ealing, aged sixty-four. He entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1843, and, after a distinguished career, was made C.B. in 1860. He was author of "Service and Adventure," "Hunting in the Himalaya," &c.

A public meeting is to be held at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on Thursday evening, Dec. 1, on the occasion of the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. G. Stormont Murphy, the indefatigable honorary secretary of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association. The chair will be taken, at 9.15 p.m., by General Viscount Wolsley, K.P., G.C.B.



AN ORATOR.



AN OLD BROOM TO SWEEP AWAY COERCION.



PLENTY OF PLUCK BUT NOT MUCH PHYSIQUE.



"MR. O'BRIEN'S GREEN."



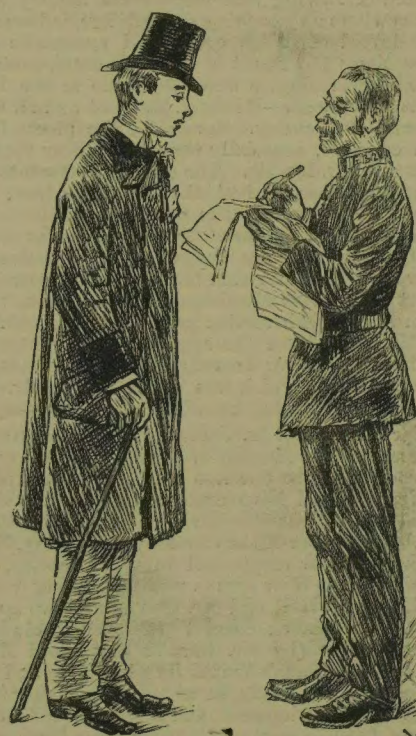
SWEARING IN AT MARLBOROUGH-STREET.



A TOUCHING INCIDENT IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.



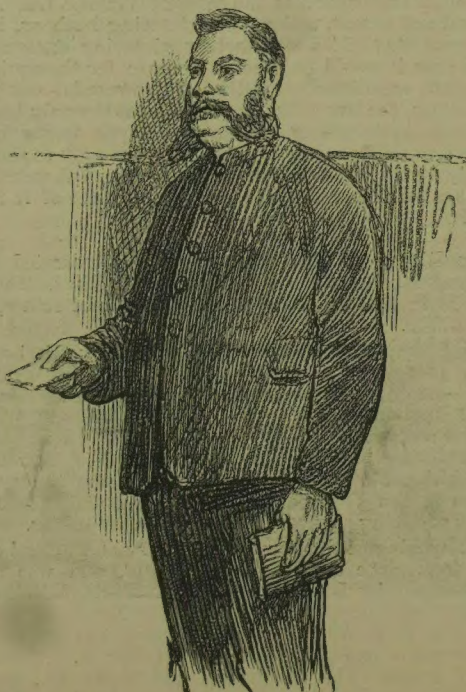
GUARDIANS OF THE PEACE.—SKETCHED BY OUR OWN "SPECIAL."



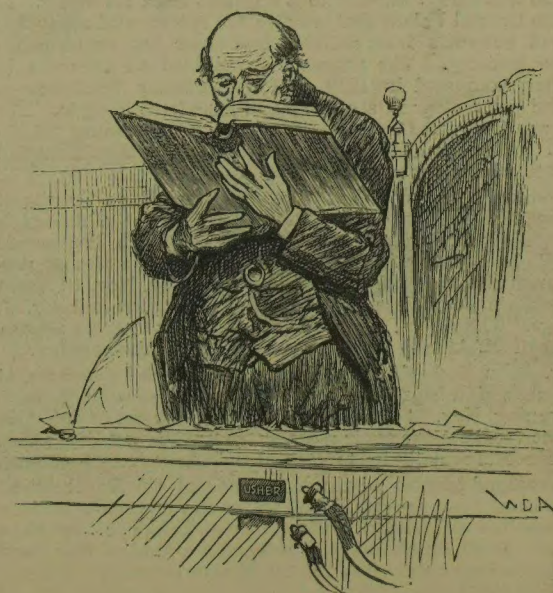
"AGE, SIR, PLEASE?"



TAKING NAMES IN LOBBY, BOW-STREET.



WARRANT OFFICER, BOW-STREET, WITH CARDS.



READING THE FORM OF OATH AT BOW-STREET.



"ALL HANDS MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!"
DRAWN BY JULIUS M. PRICE.

AN OLD MAGAZINE.

To a great number of readers there is no literature so attractive as the monthly review or magazine; and there is none that is more ephemeral. How eagerly the latest number of *Blackwood* or the *Contemporary* is seized upon!—but let that number grow a year or two old, and it is forgotten like a dream or the speech of an Irish agitator. In one of Thackeray's charming letters to Mrs. Brookfield, he writes sympathetically of the indifference with which people walk through exhibitions of pictures, giving a hasty glance at works on which the artists may have spent months of labour and set all their hopes and ambition. The ordinary magazine writer is doomed to a still speedier oblivion than the second-rate painter. If ambitious and hopeful, as all youthful writers are, he looks probably for some fame from his essay, and has to be satisfied with a cheque. Well; even a cheque has been known to yield some degree of consolation.

Sixty-seven years ago a new magazine appeared, which has some interest for us still, since several associations are linked with it. It was called the *London Magazine*, and was edited by Mr. John Scott, who came to an untimely end a year later. Of his tragic death something more shall be said presently. Meanwhile, I may observe that some of the best articles in the first volume are from his pen, and that he managed to gather round him a host of distinguished contributors. He it was who wrote a paper on the Scotch novels before Sir Walter Scott had acknowledged the authorship, which may well put to shame Carlyle's later, and infinitely less just, estimate of the greatest of Scotchmen; he it was who pointed out the merits of Keats when the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* had combined to sneer at him; and he showed how thoroughly he could appreciate Wordsworth, despite the solemn verdict passed against that poet by the Edinburgh Reviewers.

The *London Magazine* had many contributors whose names are still familiar to all readers. De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-Eater" appeared in its columns; Thomas Hood printed in it some well-known poems; Savage Landor sent the editor one of his "Conversations"; Hartley Coleridge sent poems; so also did Keats, and the rural poet, John Clare. Carlyle's pen was also at work for the *London*, but the most notable contributions to its pages are the "Essays of Elia." Lamb appears to have been introduced to the editor by Hazlitt; it will be seen, therefore, that the magazine secured, if we except Coleridge, the two finest critics of the day. Lamb, we are told by Procter, who was himself a contributor, received two or three times the amount of the other writers. It is interesting to turn over the pages of the old periodical and come upon so much that is familiar to us still. We wonder whether the first readers of those incomparable papers "The Dream Children," "The Praise of Chimney Sweepers," "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist," and "Grace before Meat," were struck by surprise at the discovery of a great humourist and the finest of English essayists? One reader, at least, seems to have appreciated "Elia" after a fashion, for there is, in the fourth volume, a long poem addressed to him, which ends with the assurance that he will meet his Alice again in another world—

A woman still, though pure from mortal leaven,
And warm as love, though blushing all of heaven.

In the first quarter of the century the managers of some still deservedly famous periodicals indulged in personalities of the grossest kind, and took the names of well-known people in vain with a recklessness that is now confined to the stump-orators of Ireland. *Blackwood*, then in its first youth, was one of the chief offenders; and Scott, in three very powerful and daring papers, denounced "Maga" and fell foul of Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, as one of the editors. An explanation was demanded, and in the introduction to the magazine of February, 1821, Scott makes a full statement of the case for the benefit of his readers. He required that before giving Lockhart "satisfaction" he should declare that he had never any commercial interest in the management of *Blackwood*. "Mr. Lockhart will see," he wrote, "that the terms of this disavowal have no reference to occasional or even frequent contributions—which Mr. Scott waives his right to inquire into. They are simply intended to draw the line of distinction between the dealer in scandal and the man of honour." A "gentleman's privilege" was not conceded to Lockhart; but, owing to some words of his second, a Mr. Christie, Scott challenged him. They met at Chalk Farm, and the editor of the *London* was mortally wounded. He lived for about ten days, and in the issue of the magazine for April it was announced that he left a widow and two children unprovided for. Such were the effects of that once-powerful code of honour which Steele had treated with unsparing ridicule in the *Tatler* more than a century before. There is one word, he says, he cannot understand, and that is—"satisfaction." "An honest country gentleman had the misfortune to fall into company with two or three modern men of honour, where he happened to be very ill-treated; and one of the company being conscious of his offence sends a note to him in the morning, and tells him he was ready to give him satisfaction. 'This is fine doing,' says the plain fellow; 'last night he sent me away cursedly out of humour, and this morning he fancies it would be a satisfaction to be run through the body.'"

Another and still more painful tragedy is associated with the memories of the *London Magazine*. One of its contributors, a vain man, and a clever but flashy writer, was Thomas Wainwright, who wrote under the signature of "Janus Weathercock." The sole thing, perhaps, to be said in his favour is that Lamb had a sneaking kindness for him; but Lamb did not live to learn that this showy magazine contributor and jolly boon companion would prove a criminal of the deepest dye. It is a long story, and cannot be told here in detail; the leading features of it must suffice.

He induced a half-sister of his wife to effect insurances on her life for eighteen thousand pounds, and for the term of two or three years. Attempts were made, but unsuccessfully, to increase this insurance, and the young lady, strange to say, did not scruple to deceive the officials, by trumping up a story, at Wainwright's suggestion, for which there was not the slightest foundation. Her conduct in the matter is inexplicable; not so Wainwright's. Having made her will, and also assigned a policy to her faithless brother-in-law, the girl, hitherto in perfect health, was seized with the most violent pain, and died while Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright were taking a walk. Death was attributed to natural causes; but the suspicions of the insurance officials were roused, as well they might be, and they resisted Wainwright's claim. He went to France, but his case was tried in court, and a verdict given against him. He was regarded as fraudulent, but no suspicion was raised of a darker crime. While in Boulogne he resided with an officer, who died shortly after insuring his life for £5000. Then we learn that Wainwright was imprisoned in Paris for passing under a false name. On being searched it was discovered that he had strychnine in his possession. After his release he returned to London, and was arrested for forgery, sentenced to transportation for life, and placed in irons. Before leaving

England the criminal was confined in Newgate, and there Forster relates that he suddenly came upon the wretched man while inspecting the prison with Dickens and Macready. "My God, there is Wainwright!" was the sudden exclamation of the latter. "In the shabby-genteel creature who had turned quickly round with a defiant stare at our entrance, looking at once mean and fierce, and quite capable of the cowardly murders he had committed, Macready had been terrified to recognise a man familiarly known to him in former years, and at whose table he had dined."

When at Hobart Town he is said to have twice attempted to poison people he disliked, and, according to a paper in *All the Year Round*, "he seemed to be possessed by an ingrained malignity of disposition which kept him constantly on the very confines of murder." He died, suddenly, in 1852, and the final fact associated with his name is that Lord Lytton has drawn his character in "Lucretia."

We have but space to add that the *London Magazine*, less fortunate than its great rival *Blackwood*, did not live more than nine or ten years. It died in its youth: why, it is difficult to say, since from first to last it retained signs of youthful vigour.

J. D.

TERRIBLE COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.

On the night of Saturday, Nov. 19, a great disaster occurred in the Channel off Dover, causing the loss of more than 130 lives. The Dutch screw steam-ship *W. A. Scholten*, of 3300 tons, belonging to the Netherlands American Steam Navigation Company, of Rotterdam, came into collision with the steam-collier *Rosa Mary*, of West Hartlepool, two or three miles north-west of the South Sands Head Light-ship, and four miles east of the Admiralty Pier at Dover. She was so damaged as to sink in twenty minutes. It was half-past ten at night; the weather was hazy, and the captain, J. H. Taat, and three officers of the Dutch steamer were on the bridge. The crew and officers numbered fifty-four, and the passengers 156, mostly Dutch and German emigrants to New York, but some English. Seventy-eight of the passengers and crew were saved; the others, mostly having put on life-belts, of which there was an ample store, and some on floating timbers, or swimming, were picked up in the water. Their rescue was effected by two of the *W. A. Scholten's* boats, a coastguard-boat, the boat of a long-shore man named Ball, and by lines thrown from the Sunderland steam-ship *Ebro*, which came in response to signals of distress on board the sinking ship. The injury that was done to her by the collision was a hole 8 feet wide in the port bow; she quickly filled, and went down headforemost, with a leaning over to one side, which made it impossible to launch all her boats. The *Rosa Mary*, with her own bows stove in, was in a dangerous condition, but went at daybreak into Dover Harbour, and now lies there in the Granville Dock. The captain of the *W. A. Scholten* was drowned; the first officer was picked up, but died of exhaustion, and a little child died in that way. The survivors were kindly cared for at the Dover Sailors' Home. Many bodies have been found in the sea or on shore, and inquests have been opened by the Dover and the Deal Coroners. There are conflicting statements; but the commander of the *Rosa Mary*, Captain T. Webster, states that his vessel was lying at anchor from eight in the evening till daybreak, at seven next morning, when he made for Dover Harbour. The collision occurred at from twenty minutes to half-past ten, and both he and the chief mate were on deck at the time. The first intimation they had of the approach of the vessel was the man on the look-out at the fore-castle-head reporting a light. He looked and saw a bright white light about a point and a half on the starboard bow. Shortly afterwards a green light appeared, which told him that it was a vessel passing along the starboard bow. The chief mate and himself then went on the upper bridge, and saw the same two lights. When the vessel was from three to four points on the starboard bow, the green light suddenly disappeared, and a red one came in sight. Almost immediately afterwards the vessel struck the bows with terrific force, carrying away the stem and cutting down the bows to the water edge. At the time of the collision the fog had lifted, and they could plainly discern the lights of the other steamer. He at once sent up rockets and blue lights as signals of distress; but no vessel came up to help them during the night. The fore compartment at once filled with water after the collision, and the ship's boats were got in readiness for any emergency. They had quite enough work to look after the ship during the night, which was a most trying one for the whole of the crew. During the night, a number of fishing-nets were drifted by the tide, and caught in the anchor and broken bows of his vessel. At seven in the morning, finding it impossible, in the condition of the ship, to continue his voyage to St. Nazaire in safety, the steamer was taken into Dover Harbour.

Lord Stair, Chancellor of Glasgow University, has given his casting vote for Lord Lytton, who is, therefore, elected Rector of the University. Lord Rosebery was the other candidate.

From Stornoway it is reported that about 2000 landless cottars have marched into the deer forests with the intention of encamping for several weeks and exterminating the deer.

Lieutenant-General Sheridan reports that the regular Army of the United States consists of 2200 officers and 24,236 men, and suggests an increase of 5000 men.

The Rev. J. E. Herring, Vicar of St. Paul's, and Rural Dean of Kyneton, diocese of Melbourne, Victoria, has been appointed Archdeacon of Beechworth.

Under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk, a meeting has been held on the part of the Charing-cross Police Testimonial Committee and the Police Convalescent Fund, and it has been resolved to amalgamate them; it being further decided to devote the money subscribed to form a Metropolitan and City Police Convalescent Fund.

There will be a sale of cheap and pretty Christmas presents at the house of the Earl and Countess of Meath, 83, Lancaster-gate, W., on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 1 and 2, from two to seven o'clock. The proceeds will be devoted to the excellent work of the Church of England Temperance Society. Presents for gentlemen will, we are told, be specially considered, and there will be a toy-stall for children, and skates, tools, &c., for the boys. Tickets of admission, only 1s. each, can be obtained from the hon. secretary, Mrs. Symes Thompson, 33, Cavendish-square, W.; or, at the door.

The marriage of Mr. John Dudley Ryder, eldest son of the Hon. Henry Dudley Ryder, with Miss Mabel Smith, youngest daughter of Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., was solemnised on Nov. 16, in Hambleton church, near Henley-on-Thames. The Hon. Randolph Tollemache attended as bridegroom's best man, and there were ten bridesmaids—namely, Miss Helen Smith (sister of the bride), Misses Margaret, Angela, Constance, and Audrey Ryder, sisters of the bridegroom; Misses Dorothy and Margaret Codrington (the little nieces of the bride), the Hon. Rachel Scott-Montagu, Miss Violet Barton, and Miss Florence Power. In the bridal train followed Master Jack Codrington, nephew of the bride, in a page's costume. The service was fully choral, Mr. Smith giving his daughter away.

"MANNING THE LIFE-BOAT."

The Royal National Life-Boat Institution claims public support with especial propriety at this season of the year, when maritime disasters are frequent on the coasts of the British Islands. Our Artist has delineated the scene of a man summoning the life-boat crew to man their boat in an emergency, to launch off to the rescue of shipwrecked people within sight of the town or village. The shipwrecks reported for the week ending Nov. 19 numbered thirty-four, of which fifteen were British-owned vessels. Off the United Kingdom ten vessels (British) went down. Four vessels sank by collision (two British, off the British Isles), while the total collision "cases" for the week amounted to fifty, being an increase of twenty, as compared with the previous week. Two British sailing-vessels were reported lost, with all hands, and a British steamer, with about 400 passengers, was burnt. The total wrecks for the present year number 1467; total lives lost, in all bottoms, for the present year, 3173.

SKETCHES IN COREA.

The peninsula of Corea, which projects southward from Eastern Asia between the Yellow Sea of China, with the Gulf of Pe-che-li, near Pekin, and the Sea of Japan, is a mountainous or hilly country, with a population of eight or nine millions, who are of a race bearing some affinity to the Mongol Tartars, but different and peculiar in some respects. Their government is an independent hereditary monarchy; but is claimed to be tributary to the Chinese Empire, by which it was for a time conquered under some of the more warlike Manchu rulers; the aristocracy is privileged and powerful, and foreign commerce has been hitherto excluded. The ports of Gensan or Ginsing, Fusan, Port Lazareff, and Chemulpo are most often visited by Europeans; but the chief towns are situated inland, and the present capital, Saoul, in the province of Hoanghai, a city of 150,000 inhabitants, is seventy-five miles up a large river on the west coast. The ancient capital, Suinto, was destroyed three centuries ago by a Japanese invader. Little of the interior of Corea is known to foreigners, except the districts where French Roman Catholic missionaries have settled, who, in 1866, were the victims of persecution, and thousands of their converts were massacred. These outrages were checked by a French naval expedition, under Admiral Roze, which failed, however, in an attempt to ascend the Kan-Kyang river and to capture Saoul. Of late years, the increase of the Russian naval and military forces on the Pacific coast of Asia, and in the island of Saghalien, has turned attention to the commanding maritime position of Corea. The British Squadron on the Chinese station recently cruised along its shores, and our correspondent, the Rev. Ross O'D. Lewin, chaplain of H.M.S. *Andacious*, sends us, from Chefoo, under date of Oct. 3, a few sketches that will be found interesting. He observes that the government of the villages and districts is intrusted to chief men of various grades, who get no fixed salary, but pick up something substantial from their inferiors. Very few temples are to be seen in the country, there being few public religious ceremonies. The country abounds with game, and the tigers are numerous in some places. The people are suspicious of foreign visitors, yet are very inquisitive; and, if you allow them, will examine your attire from head to foot. The cattle sometimes get much alarmed at seeing such strange beings as Englishmen; and in one case a rider was dislodged in the panic. The dress of the people is different, as well as their manners and customs, from either Japanese or Chinese. The remarkable hat worn is alone a distinguishing mark. The Korean hat is apparently opaque, but when seen in a particular light is partly transparent, and the wearer's head can be seen through the hat, which is made of a kind of fine fibre, plaited like straw.

EDUCATION AND SANITATION.

The first ordinary meeting of the 134th session of the Society of Arts was held on Nov. 16, when an inaugural address was delivered by the chairman of the council, Sir Douglas Galton. The subject of the address embraced a number of important matters which the society has been instrumental in promoting, and which still remain to be effected. These questions the chairman ranged under the heads of education and sanitation. The large number of proposals now daily brought forward with the object of improving the condition of the lower classes indicated, he said, that the social changes of the first fifty years of Queen Victoria's reign were but a small instalment of the changes which the younger members of this generation might see accomplished. Our sanitary difficulties were simply the result of the neglect of communities in past times to regulate the conditions of life in each town as it grew up. On the other hand, many of our social difficulties arose from there having been a practical absence in each community of adequate appreciation of the necessity of training the children to become useful members of the community. The Society of Arts had long taken a prominent interest in the spread of education. It had long been contended there that the elementary education now given was not entirely satisfactory, as failing to produce a supply of boys fitted to take up at once the practical business of life. It was held that instead of six hours devoted to book-learning every day, the child should have three hours of book-learning and devote the other three to some form of manual training. It was satisfactory to know that the City and Guilds of London Institute was co-operating with the London School Board to try the experiment of technical training combined with the ordinary elementary education. In the higher elementary schools book-keeping should be taught as well as political economy, and evening classes should afford opportunities for practice in speaking and writing foreign languages. With regard to sanitation and the important problem of the housing of the poor, he thought the existing laws would do much if properly enforced; but unfortunately London, except for certain purposes, had no unified administration. In near relation to the question of improved dwellings was the question of the notification of infectious diseases. This should, as in some provincial towns, be compulsory with all classes of the community; and he was happy to say that a movement was on foot to induce the Local Government Board to obtain the necessary power. The present epidemic of scarlet fever in the metropolis was increasing daily, and many of the cases which came into the hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board had been suffering for some time from the disease, and had undoubtedly during that time spread the infection around them. Hence the limited degree of isolation afforded by these hospitals appeared to be of little avail to check the disease.

All the branches of the National League in the county of Kerry have been suppressed by Proclamation.

Mr. George R. Sims is writing a series of papers, "How the Poor Live," in *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday*.

In London last week 2459 births and 1638 deaths were registered. There were 41 deaths from scarlet-fever and 54 from whooping-cough, but none from smallpox.

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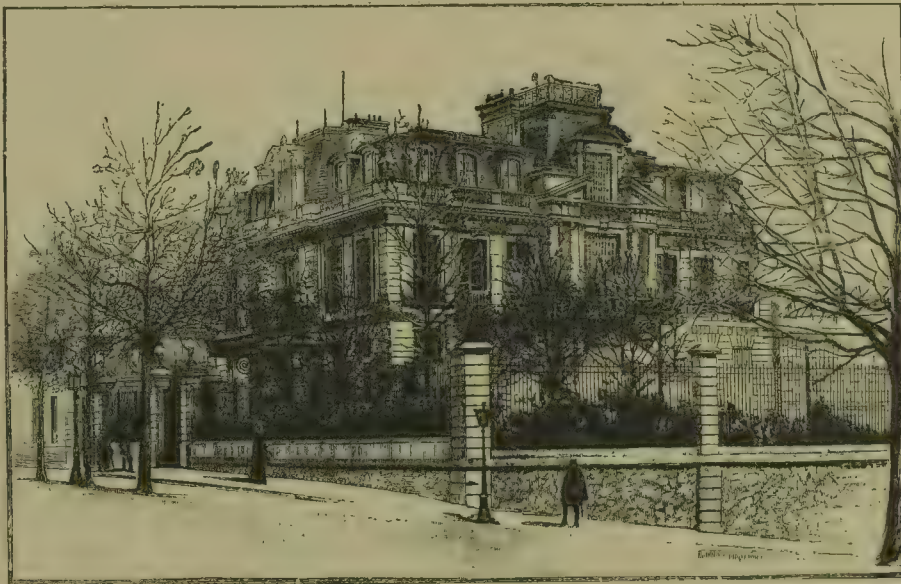
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THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY.

M. WILSON'S HOUSE IN PARIS.

The personal affairs of M. Wilson, son-in-law to M. Grévy, the President of the French Republic, have lately been made a subject of public comment, owing to the official scandals that were exposed to judicial inquiry and Parliamentary discussion. M. Wilson, who had been residing at the Elysée Palace with the President, has been obliged to remove, with his wife and children, to a new private house belonging to M. Grévy, which has been built, at a cost exceeding £30,000, in the Avenue d'Iéna, near the Trocadéro. This mansion, designed by M. Brune, an architect of repute, is admired for its simple elegance, and is shown in our Illustration. The interior has a vestibule, with marble columns surmounted by capitals of gilt bronze, and a marble staircase, with wrought-iron balustrade of Renaissance style, leading to the first floor. There are two lofty and spacious saloons, very simply decorated in white, and with no gilding, to the right hand on the ground floor; and to the left, a study or library, with a mantelpiece of red marble, sculptured with a design of wild ducks flying across a marsh; and the dining-room, with an



M. WILSON'S RESIDENCE, AVENUE D'IÉNA, PARIS.

ornamental ceiling of mosaic. All the bedrooms on the first floor open to a central corridor which traverses the middle of the house, and which has a mosaic pavement of Persian pattern, and a moulded ceiling, with light from above. There is no upper storey at the back of the premises, which is adjacent to the Rue Fresnel, on a lower level, and the kitchen and stables are there, beneath the dining-room. The garden is very small, but the billiard-room opens into a court which is used by the children for a playground since they have left the Palace of the Elysée. The initials, J. G., of the President's name are inscribed on the portico and on the staircase railing.

The "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles has been produced at the Cambridge Theatre Royal, by members of the University, with incidental music by Dr. Villiers Stanford.

Miss Constance Mary Hitchins, the daughter of a medical man at Weston-super-Mare, has been shot dead in her bed-room by her brother Ernest, four years her junior, who afterwards made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide.



A VICTORIA CROSS HERO OF DELHI.



A BICYCLE FEAT.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY.

The coming of age, on his eighteenth birthday, which is customary for Princes who are heirs to the Crown, of his Royal Highness Victor Emmanuel, Prince of Naples, son of Humbert or Umberto I., the second King of Italy, is to be followed by his admission to the political dignities of Princes of the Royal family, according to the Constitution of that kingdom. This young Prince, who will some day, probably, be the third King of Italy, was born on Nov. 11, 1869, his mother being Queen Margherita, only daughter of the late Ferdinand, Prince of Piedmont and Duke of Genoa, and first cousin to the present King. He is the grandson and namesake of King Victor Emmanuel II. of Sardinia, who became the first King of Italy in 1861, after the union of Lombardy, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, Umbria, and the Roman Legations and Marches (Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, and Ancona), Naples and Sicily, with the former Kingdom of Sardinia, which comprised Piedmont and the island of Sardinia. The political unity of Italy was completed by two further acquisitions: that of Venice and the eastern parts of Lombardy, including Mantua and Verona, in 1866; and that of Rome, with the remainder of the Papal States, in 1870. Never before in history, since the fall of the ancient Roman Empire, had all these parts of Italy been under one Government. But although, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, the unequalled activity and vivacity of the highly-gifted Italian race achieved its various triumphs of commerce and industry, of the fine arts, of intellectual and literary talent, within the political framework of many distinct Principalities and Free City Republics, the aspiration to gain entire national independence has, since the Spanish and Imperial conquests of the era of Charles V., been cherished by Italian patriotism. It has been gained, in our own day, by the civil and military virtues of the Piedmontese people, under the reign of the brave Princes of the House of Savoy, the Kings of Sardinia, Charles Albert, who fought against Austria in 1848 and 1849, and his son Victor Emmanuel, with the assistance of brave and able Ministers, especially of Count Cavour, who died a victorious statesman, on June 6, 1861, after seeing the chosen head of the new Italian Monarchy recognised by the Great Powers of Europe. These are the antecedents of the noble position which the youthful Crown Prince is destined hereafter to occupy, though his father, the reigning King of Italy, now in the forty-third year of his age, may long live in the enjoyment of a loyal attachment yearly strengthened in the hearts of his people by his faithful observance of Constitutional duties, and by his personal merits and those of his graceful consort. His Majesty, in opening the Italian Parliament at Rome on Nov. 16, was enabled to congratulate the nation upon the forward march of Italy, "strong in arms, sure of her alliances, and friendly with all Governments," in the front rank with the leading States of Europe; upon the prospect of legislative, social, and administrative reforms, and of an improved financial situation; and the King further said:—"Italy is not only an element of peace, but must also

be an element of civilisation and justice. These principles, by which Italy rose, form her strength and indicate her mission. King Victor Emmanuel said on a memorable occasion that Piedmont was small in territory, but great by the ideas which she represented. Italy cannot have a less lofty ideal. It is only by being faithful to the principles to which the nation owes its life and my House its glory, and by remaining united on the path of liberty, that we shall unfailingly obtain for Italy the sympathy of the nations and the rewards of fortune." We may supplement this declaration, which was enthusiastically cheered by the Italian Senate and Chamber of Deputies, with a quotation from the official journal of Rome, highly satisfactory to Englishmen, bearing testimony "that never before has the London Cabinet counted upon that of Rome and the Roman Cabinet on that of London as at the present time. So much the better for us, and so much the worse for those who wish otherwise."

A BICYCLE FEAT.

We give an Illustration of Mr. W. S. Maltby's ride on the large wheel of a bicycle, along the North Pier wall at Aberdeen, one day last month, an account of which was published in the *Evening Express* of Aberdeen of Oct. 18. The wall is 25 ft. high on the water side, and 8 ft. on the pier side, and is about twenty inches wide. Mr. Maltby, we believe, is one of the American team of champion bicyclists, "ready to meet all comers," who may be heard of at the *Sporting Life* office.

The Portrait of the Crown Prince of Italy is from a photograph by Montabone, of Florence; that of M. Wilson, by Appert, of Paris; and that of Professor Stokes, M.P., by Fradelle and Young, London.

Great Barton church, Bury St. Edmunds, has been enriched by the addition of a stained-glass window, consisting of three lights with tracery, a gift of the Vicar, the Rev. W. S. Gladstone, M.A., in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee. It was designed and executed in the studios of Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, of Garrick-street, London.

Prince John of Bourbon, father of Don Carlos, died on Nov. 21, at Brighton, at the age of sixty-five. He was the "Pretender" put up by a handful of French Legitimists in opposition to the Comte de Paris. In 1868 he resigned to Don Carlos his pretensions to the Spanish Throne. His supporters will probably transfer their allegiance to his second son, Prince Alfonso.

As some misapprehension appears still to exist respecting the dates fixed in connection with the allotment of space and the opening of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition, we are requested by the Agent-General for Victoria to state that, as at present arranged, the opening ceremony will take place on Aug. 1, 1888, and that applications for space will be received up to Dec. 31 next, at the offices of the London Commission, 8, Victoria-chambers, Westminster.

PROFESSOR STOKES, M.P.

The election of a Parliamentary representative of the University of Cambridge, in place of the late Right Hon. A. J. Beresford Hope, took place on Thursday, Nov. 17, and Professor Stokes was returned without opposition. This gentleman, Mr. George Gabriel Stokes, F.R.S., is a son of the Rev. G. Stokes, Rector of Skreen, county Sligo, and was born about the year 1820. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, whence he passed to Pembroke College, Cambridge. He took his Bachelor's degree there in 1841, coming out as Senior Wrangler, and was elected a Fellow of his college. In 1849 he was appointed Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, and in 1852 was awarded the Rumford medal by the Royal Society (of which he had then recently been elected a Fellow) for his services to science by his discovery of the change in the refrangible nature of light. He was chosen one of the secretaries of the Royal Society in 1854, and has contributed largely to the transactions of that body and of other learned societies. He has also been a lecturer at the Museum of Practical Geology, in Jermyn-street. Professor Stokes was elected President of the Royal Society in 1885. He now enters Parliament for the first time; and he will be the thirty-seventh new member who will have taken his seat in St. Stephen's since the last general election.

A HERO OF DELHI.

John Devane, V.C., was born in Galway, and is now sixty-four years of age. On Sept. 17, 1847, he enlisted in the 60th Rifles. He was in the Indian Mutiny war, and on Sept. 10, 1857, he headed the storming-party which captured the battery of the mutineers that covered the Cashmere Gate at Delhi; he won a Victoria Cross for his gallantry, but lost his right leg in the fight. The capture of that gate was unquestionably a decisive period in the siege, and this man was the hero of it. He is now a pensioner at tenpence a day, with his Victoria-Cross money (£10 per annum) added, which gives him 1s. 4½d. per day. He endeavours to maintain his wife and family by hawking fish about the streets of Penzance. We think his pension ought to be increased. His name, as a "Victoria Cross," may be found in *Whitaker's Almanack*, or in any Army List.

Mr. Augustus Harris has granted the use of Drury-Lane Theatre for the matinée to be given on Dec. 9, for the benefit of Mr. Charles Warner.—Mr. Harry Payne is busy preparing his budget of jokes for the Drury-Lane pantomime.

In consideration of the great depression in the agricultural industry, the Duke of Richmond has informed his Sussex tenants that he will for the next two years remit 28 per cent of their rents.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company it was resolved that any injuries sustained by special constables in the discharge of their duties will be covered by their policies without any extra charge.

MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday, Nov. 22, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, by the Rev. C. Chetwynd Atkinson, M.A., Curate of Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire, assisted by the Rev. E. T. Billings, Vicar of Corra, and the Rev. Dr. E. Ker Gray, of Curzon-street Chapel, Mayfair, Edgar Watkin, son of the late Alfred Watkin, Esq., of Sale, Cheshire, to Emmeline Paxton, daughter of the late Herbert Ingram, Esq., M.P. for Boston, and of Mrs. Herbert Ingram, of Mount Felix, Walton-on-Thames.

On Nov. 10, at St. Gabriel, South Belgravia, by the Rev. Denton Jones, Thomas Hall Coleman, of Kingston, Herefordshire, to Cicely, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Cayford, of Bradford-on-Avon.

DEATHS.

On Nov. 20, at 23, Stafford-terrace, Kensington, Henry Danvers Clarke, aged 81. R.I.P.

On Nov. 1, at his residence, The Woodleighs, Warmingcamp, near Arundel, Sussex, Elisha Hackett, Esq., in his 73rd year.

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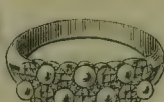
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DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

Bending over him, she was horrified by the discovery that he was dead—not only that he was dead, but that he had been cruelly, ruthlessly murdered.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER XLV.

BITTER THAN ANY DAY-DREAM.

At five o'clock of the following afternoon two men paused in front of Uncle Leth's house in Camden Town, and looked up at the windows.

"This is the number," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "she lives here."

A rat-tat with the knocker brought 'Melia-Jane to the street door.

"Is Mr. Lethbridge at home?" asked one of the men.

"No, Sir," replied 'Melia-Jane; "he's at his bank."

"Is Mrs. Lethbridge in?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Her niece, Miss Phoebe Farebrother, is stopping here, is she not?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Is she in?"

"Yes, Sir; but you can't see her. If that's what you've come for."

"Why can't we see her?"

"'Cause she's too ill to be seen by anybody but us. Poor thing! she's no sooner out of one faint than she's into another."

"Ah!" And the speaker glanced at his companion. "I am very sorry to hear it—very, very sorry." His voice was soothing and sympathising, and 'Melia-Jane, who had not been too favourably impressed by the strangers, became instantly mollified. "How long has she been ill?"

"Oh, come!" exclaimed 'Melia-Jane, relapsing into her original view. "You don't belong to the family as I'm aware of."

"No, we do not, my good girl," observed the man; "but

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that would not prevent me from feeling pity for any young lady who is ill, I hope." He smiled so kindly upon 'Melia-Jane that she did not know what to think of him. "Perhaps it's what occurred last night that has upset her?"

"I don't know what occurred last night," said 'Melia-Jane, sharply; "do you?"

"Why, my girl, a number of things occur every night. Which particular one do you refer to?"

"I once knowed a girl," said 'Melia-Jane, with an air of scornful defiance, "who knowed another girl who had a friend who lived in Pump-court."

"Well?" said the stranger, seemingly much amused.

"In Pump-court he lived," said 'Melia-Jane. "And he lived by it as well as in it. Lor' bless you! The artful way in which he'd pump people, so's to get out of 'em every blessed thing he wanted to know—it was a sight, that's what it was!"

The man laughed heartily. "So you think we've come to pump you, my good girl! Perhaps you're right and perhaps you're wrong. Now, if I were to ask you whether Miss Phoebe Farebrother slept at home last night—I mean here, in her aunt's house—I suppose you would call that pumping?"

"I should—and I shouldn't answer you."

"But why, my good girl? why? Is there any reason for secrecy in so simple a matter? However, I will not ask you, and in proof that I'm not quite the bad sort of fellow you take me for, I will just inquire whether this brooch belongs to Miss Farebrother."

He produced the brooch which Mrs. Pamflett had given to Phoebe on her birthday.

"Yes, it's her'n," said 'Melia-Jane, holding out her hand for it.

"Did she wear it yesterday?"

"Pumping agin!"

"My good girl, you're enough to put one out of patience. Isn't it an act of kindness to restore lost property? But one must be sure first that it gets back into the hands of the right owner. Can you remember whether Miss Farebrother wore this brooch yesterday?"

"No, I can't remember. And now I come to think of it, I aint seen her wear it for a long time past."

"But she wore this yesterday." He produced a veil.

"Yes," said 'Melia-Jane, a little eagerly; "she had it on when she went away last night to"—

"Why don't you finish, my good girl? When she went away last night to Parkside." He returned the brooch and the veil to his pocket. "I won't trouble you any more. Be kind enough to tell Mrs. Lethbridge that we wish to see her."

"What name shall I say?"

"Never mind the name; she will not know it. You can say on particular business."

Leaving the men in the passage with the street door open, 'Melia-Jane went up to Phoebe's bed-room, and gave the message to her mistress, who came down at once, and asked the stranger what his business was.

"It will be best for me to speak to you in private," said the man.

Aunt Leth led the visitors into the parlour, and the one who had spoken all through commenced the conversation.

"My name is Beemister, and I am attached to the police force. I am engaged upon an inquiry of a serious nature, and it has, in the first place, led me to your house."

Aunt Leth's heart fainted within her. Knowing nothing whatever of business, or of the pains and penalties attending the dishonouring of an acceptance for three hundred pounds, she feared that the terrible anxieties through which she had passed with respect to her husband's liability were about to be renewed. She had believed that this special difficulty had been happily tided over for a time, and her reasons for this belief needs in this place a word of explanation.

Almost heartbroken, Uncle Leth had left his home on this morning to walk to the bank in which he had held an honourable though humble position all his life. He could not touch his breakfast; he could not speak; he could scarcely see before him. So utterly prostrate was he that his wife had refrained from uttering a single word upon another anxious subject which filled her with alarm. Phoebe had been absent all the night,

and had returned as Uncle Leth was getting out of bed. Her condition was so pitiable as to cause Aunt Leth and Fanny the utmost distress. There were marks of violence upon her, she was bruised and bleeding, her clothes were torn, her mind was distraught. They could get nothing but sobs and tears from her. On the previous night, when her absence was remarked, and they learnt from Melia-Jane that she had gone to Parkside's, they were almost distracted. Tom Barley, being off duty, was sought for immediately, and upon being made acquainted with what had taken place, had started off instantly for Parkside's to protect Phoebe and bring her back. He had not much time to spare, as he had to go on his beat again early in the morning; but he managed to get to Parkside's and to reconnoitre for half an hour. He did not succeed in finding Phoebe, and he was compelled to return to London without her—determined, however, to go back to Parkside's when he was free again, and restore Phoebe to her relatives. Phoebe's reappearance in Camden Town rendered the carrying out of his resolution unnecessary. He had seen something at Parkside's which perplexed and troubled him; but he had mentioned it to no one.

Utterly absorbed and overwhelmed by the disgrace and ruin with which he was threatened, Uncle Leth knew nothing of Phoebe's absence or return, and he started for his bank with so heavy a weight upon his heart that he almost prayed for death. No day-dreams on this morning; the reality was too crushing. He thought it was a dull morning; but the sun was shining and the air was sweet. So he walked on—to ruin, as he believed.

But a wonderful thing occurred; and yet a simple thing. For, surely, when within a quarter of a mile of the bank, he was clapped on the shoulder by Fred Cornwall, an incident so trivial was scarcely worth a second thought. But, when he reflected upon it afterwards, he was of the opinion that it was worth much more than a second thought, and that indeed it was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to him that for the first time in his life he should be clapped on his shoulder by Fred Cornwall while he was walking to business. Not only the most wonderful thing, but the most fortunate, as it turned out.

Fred greeted him heartily and cordially, and he made no reply. At first Fred did not notice his strange silence, for the young man was bubbling over with an event of great importance which had on this morning occurred in his own career. He had received a brief in a case in which some hundreds of thousands of pounds were involved, and he was in high feather about it. With great animation he made Uncle Leth acquainted with this bit of good fortune, and went on talking and talking until Uncle Leth's singular silence and abstraction had their effect upon him, and he suddenly paused and asked Uncle Leth whether he was unwell.

"Pardon me, Mr. Cornwall," said Uncle Leth, humbly, "I have not understood a word of what you were saying."

The "Mr." Cornwall struck strangely upon Fred's ears. It had always been "Fred"; but the fact was, Uncle Leth, feeling that he had lost his honoured place in the world, deemed the familiarity an act of presumption on his part. Therefore the "Mr." instead of "Fred."

Then Fred, bending down to look into Uncle Leth's face, saw that there were tears in his eyes. Uncle Leth was as tall as Fred, but on this morning he stooped lower than usual; if he could have bid his face from the sight of all men he would have been glad to do so.

"Uncle Leth," said Fred gently, "what is the matter?"

"Don't speak to me like that!" sobbed Uncle Leth, turning away; "don't speak to me like that!"

"Ah, but I must," said Fred, hooking his arm in Uncle Leth's. "You are in trouble, and you want me to run. Not likely, Uncle Leth. I love you and yours too deeply. Only one word first. Has Phoebe anything to do with it?"

"No, Fred."

"You are in trouble?"

"Yes."

"About money?"

"Yes."

"Then tell me all about it. I give you my honest word I will not leave you till you do. You have a good ten minutes to spare: you started from home earlier than usual this morning."

It was a fact, but until this moment Uncle Leth had not been aware of it.

"Now, tell me, Uncle Leth."

And so, in less than the ten minutes there were to spare, the story of the impending ruin was told.

"And is that all?" cried Fred, to Uncle Leth's astonishment.

Uncle Leth strove to disengage his arm from Fred's. It was cruel of the young man to make light of such a blow. But Fred held Uncle Leth's arm all the tighter, and he could not release himself.

"Do they know it at home?" asked Fred.

"Yes."

"And you have left all of them in trouble?"

"They are heartbroken," sobbed Uncle Leth, "and so am I!"

"Now, Uncle Leth," said Fred, with a comfortable squeeze at Uncle Leth's arm, "just you listen to me a moment. There is nothing to be heartbroken about when you have a friend like me at your elbow."

"Don't mock me, Fred!"

"God forbid that I should! What! after all your sweet goodness to my darling Phoebe, after all your kindness to me, to think that I should mock you! I am going to get you out of your trouble. A nice thing friendship would be if it wasn't equal to such a little matter as this!"

"A little matter, Fred! You call it a little matter!"

"Of course I do. On my word and honour as a man, as a true friend, you shall have the acceptance for three hundred pounds in your hands, if not to-night, at all events to-morrow. Give me the name and address of the man who holds it, and who demands his pound of flesh. He shall have it, to the last grain. Leave it to me, and go to your work with a cheerful heart."

"Do you mean it, Fred?" asked Uncle Leth, solemnly.

"As truly as I stand here! As truly as I love my Phoebe, the dearest girl in all the wide world, of whom I should be unworthy if I failed you at such a pinch; as truly as I hope, despite all obstacles, to make her my wife, and to live a long and happy life with her! Quick, now; your time is almost up. Give me Shylock's name and address, and the thing is done. Ah, that is it, is it! I shall be able to settle the affair with him."

"God bless you, Fred!" said Uncle Leth, carried away by the young man's impetuous enthusiasm. "God in heaven bless you!"

"I hope so—and you and yours, and my own dear girl! Why, here's a telegraph office, three doors from the bank! We have just forty-five seconds to send a telegram to Aunt Leth. I will write it out. 'My dear wife. Do not worry about the bill. It is paid, and I am happy. God bless all at home! Uncle Leth.' How much? One-and-a-penny—ha! penny—How is that? Oh, yes, the address! Quite right. Tenpence

ha! penny change. Thank you. Now, here we are outside, and there's your bank; and, hi! here's a hansom. Good-bye, Uncle Leth. What a lovely morning!"

He wrung Uncle Leth's hand, gave him a bright smile, jumped into the cab, and was whirled away.

How he managed it need not be here recapitulated. Sufficient that he did manage it, and that the affair was arranged before one o'clock. Perhaps he borrowed a trifle from a friend or two, perhaps he scraped up every shilling of his own, perhaps he paid a business visit to a gentleman whose trade mark was three beautiful golden balls, perhaps he left another acceptance for a smaller amount than the original bill, with his own and a good friend's name on it, in Shylock's hands; but all the perhaping in the world would have been useless had he not succeeded in bringing the matter to a satisfactory issue. And there he was at the bank, exactly as the clock struck one, and, asking to be allowed to say a word to Mr. Lethbridge, whispered in his ear—"It is all right!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

PHOEBE IN PERIL.

After this breaking out of the sun in the dear home in Camden Town with respect to the money trouble, Aunt Leth's heart, as has been stated, fainted within her when Mr. Beemister, introducing himself, said that he had called upon an inquiry of a serious nature. She mustered courage to say—

"Is it anything about a debt? Is it anything about my husband?"

Mr. Beemister stared at her, and answered: "No, not that I am aware of. The inquiry upon which I am engaged relates to Miss Farebrother—your niece, and her father."

A sigh of relief escaped Aunt Leth's bosom, and Mr. Beemister stared the harder at her.

"Have you heard anything?" he asked. "Do you know what has occurred?"

"I do not understand you," she replied.

"Miss Farebrother has resided with you for—how long?"

"I cannot exactly say. Some time—since she left her father's house and came to us. But why do you question me?"

"You are not compelled to answer. It may be that you have something to conceal."

"I have nothing to conceal," said Aunt Leth, indignantly.

"Or that, Miss Farebrother having got herself into trouble, it is your wish to screen her."

"My niece has not got herself into trouble," said Aunt Leth, feeling herself in a certain sense helpless in the hands of this man. "She is not capable of doing anything wrong. I will answer any reasonable questions you may put to me."

"It may be as well. Otherwise, you might be suspected of a guilty knowledge. Miss Farebrother left her father's house and came to reside with you?"

"Yes; she has been in the habit of coming and stopping with us, from time to time, since she was a child."

"But never for so long a time as this?"

"That is true. We have a deep love for her. Our home is hers."

"She ought to be grateful for it."

"She is."

"Her friends will best serve her by being open and frank."

"But what has our dear child done?" asked Aunt Leth, in an imploring tone. "What has she done?"

"You will hear presently, if you have a little patience. On this last occasion of her coming to you did she do so with her father's consent?"

"It is a family secret," replied Aunt Leth, despairingly.

"It will tell against her if you refuse to answer. I am here in the cause of justice."

"Of justice!"

"Yes, of justice. You refuse, then, to say whether she left her home in Parkside's with her father's consent?"

"I do not refuse. Her father was not kind to her; he turned her from his house."

"Then, when she came here they were not upon friendly terms? It is the construction which every person would place upon it. Have you any objection to say why he turned her from his house?"

"He wished to force her into a hateful marriage; she would not consent."

"Were you and her father upon friendly terms?"

"We were not."

"You harboured her, then, against his wish?"

"She had no other shelter. We have always regarded her as a child of our own. Her mother was my sister."

"I know it. Since she has been living permanently with you has Miss Farebrother heard from her father?"

"He wrote to her, but not in answer to any letter of hers."

"Did he not say in his communication that if she would obey him she could return to Parkside's?"

"Yes," said Aunt Leth, amazed at the extent of Mr. Beemister's knowledge, and in an agony of apprehension.

"Did Miss Farebrother reply to that letter?"

"No; she did not."

"I suppose that her conduct met with your approval? She would be guided by you?"

"I endeavoured to guide her aright. Her father showed no love for her."

"But you may be prejudiced. Since your marriage there has been no love lost between you and Miss Farebrother?"

"I cannot deny it."

"I beg your pardon; these are matters which, perhaps, I should not go into. They will be investigated elsewhere. They are, however, an evidence of prejudice. Did Miss Farebrother leave your house last night?"

"She did."

"With your knowledge and consent?"

"We did not know of it until she was gone. She met our servant and gave her a message to us that she had gone to Parkside's."

"Did you send after her?"

"We did."

"Who was your messenger?"

"A young man of the name of Barley."

"Barley!" said Mr. Beemister, turning to his companion with a look of intelligence. "Tom Barley?"

"Yes."

"There is a man of that name in the force."

"It is the same. He is a policeman."

"Ah! Did he obtain any information of her?"

"No. He could not remain long away. He had to return to his duty here in London."

"So that he came back alone?"

"Yes."

"Miss Farebrother, however, came back?"

"Yes."

"She is in the house now?"

"She is."

"I believe she is not well."

"She is very ill, and I am anxious to go to her."

"A little patience, please, and all will be cleared up. At what hour of the night or morning did she come back?"

"At between nine and ten o'clock this morning."

"A strange hour for a young lady to come home. Had she been to Parkside's?"

"I do not know to a certainty."

"She has not told you?"

"No."

"Did she see her father?"

"I cannot say."

"You do not know? She has not told you?"

"She has not."

"Then, if she went to Parkside's and saw her father, she is concealing the fact from you?" Aunt Leth did not reply.

These cold, relentless questions, with their strange and close adherence to fact, bewildered her. "When she left this house last night she was in good health. Contradict me if such is not the case, and in anything I may say which is opposed to the truth. She was in good health at that time. She returned this morning, sick and ill. Has she worn this veil lately?" He produced it, and handed it to Aunt Leth.

"She wore it yesterday."

"She must have worn it when she went out last night. It was found in the grounds of Parkside's to-day. Therefore Miss Farebrother must have been there? Do you recognise this brooch?"

He handed her the brooch he had shown to Melia-Jane.

"It was given to my dear niece by her father's house-keeper."

"Mrs. Pamflett?"

"Yes."

"It was found in the grounds of Parkside's to-day." Mr. Beemister took his companion aside and whispered a few words to him; the man nodded and left the room. Aunt Leth heard him close the street door behind him. "When, within your knowledge, did Miss Farebrother wear this brooch last?"

"I cannot say positively; it is a long time since. I believe she did not bring it away with her from Parkside's when she left her father's house to come to us."

"Can you swear to that?"

"No; but my niece will be able to tell you."

"I shall not ask her; it might be used in evidence against her."

"In evidence against her! For God's sake tell me what you are here for! Do not keep me any longer in suspense."

"Not for a moment longer. Miser Farebrother is dead."

"Dead?"

"Dead! Found murdered this morning in the grounds at Parkside's. A cruel murder. I have brought a copy of an evening paper with me, containing the information. It was just out as I came here. Would you like to read it? But you do not seem in a fit state. I will read it to you."

Mr. Beemister unfolded the paper and read:

"FRIGHTFUL MURDER.—A MYSTERIOUS CASE.

"This morning at eleven o'clock the discovery was made of a horrible murder committed on a small estate known as Parkside's, on the outskirts of Beddington. From the scanty information which has reached us the following appear to be the particulars of the atrocious crime, so far as is at present known.

"For a number of years Parkside's had been inhabited by a man who, from some cause or other, has been generally spoken of as Miser Farebrother. He was a man, it is understood, of penurious habits, and the only servant in the house was a housekeeper, Mrs. Pamflett, a middle-aged woman, who has been in the murdered man's service since the death of Mrs. Farebrother, which happened shortly after he entered into possession of Parkside's. He had one child, a daughter, who for some time past has not resided with him, but who found a home with an aunt and uncle living in London. Mrs. Pamflett bore the reputation of being an attentive and capable servant, and of faithfully performing her duty. Like her master, however, she was not a favourite in the village, probably because she was not of a gossiping turn and did not care to make friends. The establishment altogether was not in good repute, although the only charge that can be brought against the inmates is that they did not court society, and kept themselves from their neighbours. This remark does not apply to Miser Farebrother's daughter. She was generally liked, and has been in the habit of going frequently to London and paying long visits to her aunt and uncle. Perhaps it was these visits which caused an estrangement between the murdered man and his daughter, and which led eventually to her leaving his home. The only persons in Parkside's yesterday, until the afternoon, were Miser Farebrother and Mrs. Pamflett, the housekeeper. Then the housekeeper was sent by her master to the telegraph office with a message to his manager in London, requesting him to come down to Parkside's, presumably upon business. The business conducted in London was a money-lending business, and—Miser Farebrother being confined to his house by gout and rheumatism—the confidential manager there was Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett, the son of the housekeeper. Before the telegram could reach him in London Mr. Pamflett was on his way to his master, having an important matter of business to discuss with him. The business settled, Mr. Pamflett left for London. It is not pertinent at present to inquire into the nature of the business transacted by Miser Farebrother; it appears to have been a money-lending business of the usual kind, and there is every indication of its having been managed by Mr. Pamflett to the murdered man's satisfaction.

"At about ten o'clock last night a man called at Parkside's to see Miser Farebrother, and, being expected, was admitted to Miser Farebrother's room. For the last three or four years this man has been in the habit of paying periodical visits to Miser Farebrother: he always came at night, and always departed after the housekeeper had retired to rest. This was in accordance with her master's orders. Last night as usual, she retired to her room while her master and his visitor were closeted together. Before seeking her rest, however, she paused outside the door of her master's apartment, and inquired whether she could do anything for him. He called out to her that he did not require anything further from her, and that she was to go to bed. She obeyed him, and, getting into bed, was soon asleep. She describes herself as a sound sleeper, and difficult to awake until nature's demands are fully satisfied. It was strange, therefore, that she should awake in the middle of the night, with an impression that some person had entered the house. She looked at her watch; it was twenty minutes past one o'clock. Not being satisfied with a mere impression she left her room in her night-dress and went down to the kitchen. There, to her surprise, she saw Miser Farebrother's daughter. The housekeeper does not know how she got into the house, nor for how long a time she had been there. Miss Farebrother asked her angrily why she came down without being summoned, and the housekeeper, in explanation, replied that she had been awakened by a sound of some person moving in the house, and that she naturally came down to see what it was. Still speaking in anger, Miss Farebrother said that she was mistress there, and she ordered the housekeeper back to her room. After this order there was no apparent reason why the housekeeper should remain, and she retired from the kitchen and went to bed again. As she left the kitchen she observed a

large knife, with a horn handle, which she frequently used for rough work, lying on the table.

Lying in bed the housekeeper shortly afterwards heard the voices of two persons in altercation in the grounds, and she recognised the voices of her master and his daughter. It seemed to her that they were wrangling violently, but this was not an unusual occurrence when Miss Farebrother was at Parkside. Miser Farebrother was, besides, a person of eccentric habits. He was frequently in the habit of wandering through his grounds in the middle of the night. The sounds grew fainter, as though the miser and his daughter were walking away; or, as the housekeeper explains, they may have entered the house and ceased their dispute. However it was, she fell asleep again, and did not awake till morning. Going down to her work she found everything as she had left it on the previous night, with the exception that the knife with the horn handle was missing. To this circumstance she attached no importance.

"Miser Farebrother usually rang for his housekeeper at nine o'clock in the morning. On this morning, however, he did not summon her at the accustomed time. Neither to this circumstance did she attach any particular importance. It had happened before. Her young mistress, when she was in Parkside, nearly always stayed abed late, seldom rising till noon.

"When ten o'clock struck, however, the housekeeper felt it strange that she did not hear her master's bell. She waited another half-hour, and then she went to his room. She knocked, and received no answer. Then she opened the door, and found that the room was empty, and that there was no appearance of the bed having been slept in. Somewhat alarmed, but still not suspecting the dreadful truth, she went to her young mistress's room. That, also, was empty, and the bed had not been occupied.

"Her alarm increased. She searched the grounds for her master and mistress. Her mistress she did not find. Her master she did. He was lying upon the ground, at some distance from the house. Bending over him, she was horrified by the discovery that he was dead—not only that he was dead, but that he had been cruelly, ruthlessly murdered! A dreadful wound was in his breast, and near him was the knife with the horn handle, clotted with blood.

"She rushed into the village, and brought assistance back—a doctor and a policeman, who were followed by two or three idlers. It needed only a slight examination on the part of the doctor to prove that a frightful murder had been committed.

"Here, for the present, the matter rests. The inquest will be held to-morrow.

"Certain discoveries have already been made which it would be premature here to refer to. The affair is in the hands of the police, who are confident they will succeed in bringing the murderer to justice."

Aunt Leth listened to the account of the murder with a feeling of unutterable horror. Quiet and observant, Mr. Beemister carefully folded the newspaper and put it into his pocket, saying as he did so:

"The 'certain discoveries' to which the newspaper reporter says it would be premature to refer are Miss Farebrother's brooch and veil which were picked up in the grounds."

"Gracious God!" cried Aunt Leth, with a pallid face and horror-struck eyes. "You do not—you cannot suspect?"

"Best to say as little as possible," said Mr. Beemister, rising.

"You brought a companion in with you," said Aunt Leth. "What was it you whispered to him, and why did he go away?"

Mr. Beemister was standing near the window, which faced the street. He looked out, and Aunt Leth's eyes followed the direction of his. The man she referred to was on the opposite side of the road, strolling a few steps leisurely this way and that, but never too far to lose a clear view of the house upon which his eyes were fixed.

"Have you placed him there to watch us?" asked Aunt Leth, faintly. "And for what reason?"

"A murder has been committed," replied Mr. Beemister. "Miss Farebrother will most likely be served with a notice to attend the inquest to-morrow."

"It will kill her! it will kill her!" cried Aunt Leth.

Mr. Beemister, without replying, quietly left the room.

(To be continued.)

DOWLUTABAD.

The Indian native State of Hyderabad, in the Deccan, the dominion of the Nizam, who has recently given a handsome pecuniary contribution to the military defence of the British Indian Empire, was briefly described when a portrait of that loyal Mohammedan Prince appeared in our Journal. Near its north-western boundary, within a few miles of Aurungabad, the imperial city of the Great Mogul Aurungzebe, is the fortress of Dowlutabad, at a place formerly named Deoghur, with the remains of a town on its east side. A huge conical rock of granite, rising 500 feet above the plain, has had its outer and nether circumference artificially cut to a perpendicular scarp 150 feet from the base, in which there is a low and narrow entrance, leading to a large vault in the interior, and to a winding passage 12 ft. wide and 12 ft. high, sloping upward to the summit, where a platform has been levelled for batteries and guard-houses. About one hundred yards below the summit is a cistern hewn in the stone, containing abundance of water for the garrison of the fort. All round the rock is a ditch with stone walls, commanded by shot or other missiles from battlemented buildings above. Just outside this ditch or moat rises a minaret, 100 ft. high, belonging to a mosque which was erected to commemorate the Mohammedan conquest. The town is ruined and almost deserted, as it appears in our Artist's drawing. The neighbouring hills are distant a mile and a half, and with the artillery that was formerly used the Rock of Dowlutabad might be esteemed an impregnable fortress.

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NEW BOOKS.

What I Remember. By Thomas Adolphus Trollope. Two vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The elder of two brothers who have, following their mother's example—as they probably, in different kinds and degrees, inherited her literary talent—successfully made large contributions to the existing stock of books received with public favour, here relates his personal history and recollections of the world in his time. Mr. T. A. Trollope, now in the seventy-eighth year of his age, resided at Florence from 1843 to a late period of life, and is, perhaps, most generally known as the author of many works on Italian history, biography, and descriptive topography, and of several tales which have their scene laid in Italy; but he has a wide acquaintance with other countries and nations, and with various classes of society, which has been made available in the multiplicity of his writings. His brother, the late Anthony Trollope, on the contrary, living in England, with occasional travels which led him to America and to the British colonies, and holding many years an official position in London, became one of the most correct observers and delineators of ordinary English manners and habits, of modern social and domestic life in England, and of certain class-types of character in this nation. Without comparing him either to Dickens or to Thackeray in genius and power of conception, it may be said that Anthony Trollope's men and women—especially the clergymen and their wives, the members of the Civil Service, the barristers and solicitors, and the well-educated young ladies—are more exactly like the average persons of those classes than most of the portraits by other novelists. Mr. T. A. Trollope's essays in fiction displayed less of this faculty than of a slender vein of romantic fancy, which has not produced any creations likely to survive his own generation. The "History of Florence," which he compiled with much judgment from the excellent materials already put into the best narrative form by old Florentine authors, and in which he was preceded by Captain Henry Napier, remains a work of merit and usefulness; but he has not won a place of high importance in contemporary literature. This consideration inclines us to wonder how it could have been supposed that an autobiography of Mr. T. A. Trollope, filling two thick octavo volumes, was urgently demanded. He has been, for nearly half a century, an industrious man of letters, and he has met persons of distinction, whose characters and sentiments obtain little or no fresh light from his personal intercourse with them. Two members of his own family, his mother and his younger brother, may claim to be remembered in public estimation as belonging to literary history; for Mrs. Trollope, though her novels had but an ephemeral popularity, and her books on "Men and Manners in America," and "Paris and the Parisians," were not only flimsy but seriously faulty in tone, spirit, and style, was a very clever, enterprising, and remarkable woman. But we did not want to be told all the private affairs of the Trollope family twice over; and the brief autobiography left by his more distinguished brother might have sufficed for an account of their domestic vicissitudes fifty years ago, without the present writer's prolix exposition of trivial household matters. It is not altogether pleasant to have their father, a respectable Chancery barrister, whose retiring and studious disposition, and his lack of skill and tact in business, with his bad health, ruined his prospects in the world, exhibited as a terribly peevish, ill-tempered, irritable, violent man, inflicting misery on everyone forced to endure his company at home. His wife, who survived him nearly thirty years, living with her son at Florence, was personally so amiable, sociable, engaging, and amusing, that we take pleasure in all that is said of her. It would be interesting to learn more of the history of that adventurous experiment in America, the institution at Cincinnati, combining the functions of a college, a lecture-hall, and a bazaar, connected in some manner with the Socialist "New Harmony" theories of Robert Owen, which was superintended from 1828 to 1832 by Mrs. Trollope, with the aid of one or two of her children. That topic, if Mr. T. A. Trollope gave us fuller particulars, would yield some original information of the ideas rife at the period, in place of his copious recollections of schoolboy tricks at Winchester, and instead of his Oxford experiences at Alban Hall under Whateley, whom we know pretty well from the testimony of other pupils. For a "Wykehamist" who was eight years at the school, who afterwards took a University degree, and who was for a little while one of the masters in King Edward's School at Birmingham, the line of Latin verse that appears on his third page is surprising: "Infandum memoria jubet renovare dolorem!"—immediately after which he says that his father taught him the Eton Latin Grammar when he was six years old. But this is a matter of no consequence; nor is it very important to know that he could walk five miles and a half an hour, carry two heavy doors on his back, endure sitting in wet clothes on the top of a coach in freezing winter cold, or perform any feat of bodily strength and hardihood. Indeed, if Mr. T. A. Trollope had told us nothing at all about himself, but something not hitherto known about the illustrious statesmen, poets, artists, and men of learning with whom he has consorted, our content would not have been diminished. Going with his mother to Paris, he met Chateaubriand, Georges Sand, Thiers, and Guizot; he accompanied her to Vienna, and repeatedly dined with Prince Metternich; but his anecdotes of Metternich's conversation are not quite new to the reader of political memoirs. Mr. Trollope was in Italy during the whole period, from 1843 to 1861, that witnessed the series of Italian national movements finally resulting in the unity and independence of that most interesting country; but he belonged to the small coterie of English literary amateurs of Florence, only one of whom, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with her lofty soul and burning heart of generous humanity, lent a voice to the cause of a betrayed and oppressed nation. Her letters, written to Mr. Trollope's first wife (Theodosia Garrow), who was a highly-gifted and accomplished person, are the most precious contents of these volumes; they cast some light, if any were needful, on the motives of her vehement eulogy of the intervention of Napoleon III., in 1859, on behalf of Italy against the Austrian Empire. She was, like a very few Englishmen at home, then willing to set aside the French Emperor's unpardonable offences against liberty in France, that he might be encouraged in bringing the aid of military power to redress the cruel injuries of Italian patriotism. Her "Casa Guidi Windows," and even her "Poems before Congress," though poured out from the heart of an enthusiastic woman, had a practical aim nearer the actual truth of the situation, as it then stood, than the hesitating opinions of our most Liberal statesmen. Mr. Trollope did not agree with her; he seems to have had little faith in the regenerating and invigorating efficacy of the national spirit, in its ability to shake off French and all other foreign patronage, after the expulsion of Austria. He seems to have been indifferent to the admirable work of political education and preparation that was going on in Piedmont; he did not know Cavour, or King Victor Emmanuel, or the Parliament at Turin, where the ablest and truest sons of Italy, gathered from all her provinces, took counsel for the redemption of her freedom. He has not even a word to say of Ricasoli, the high-minded Tuscan nobleman who succeeded Cavour in

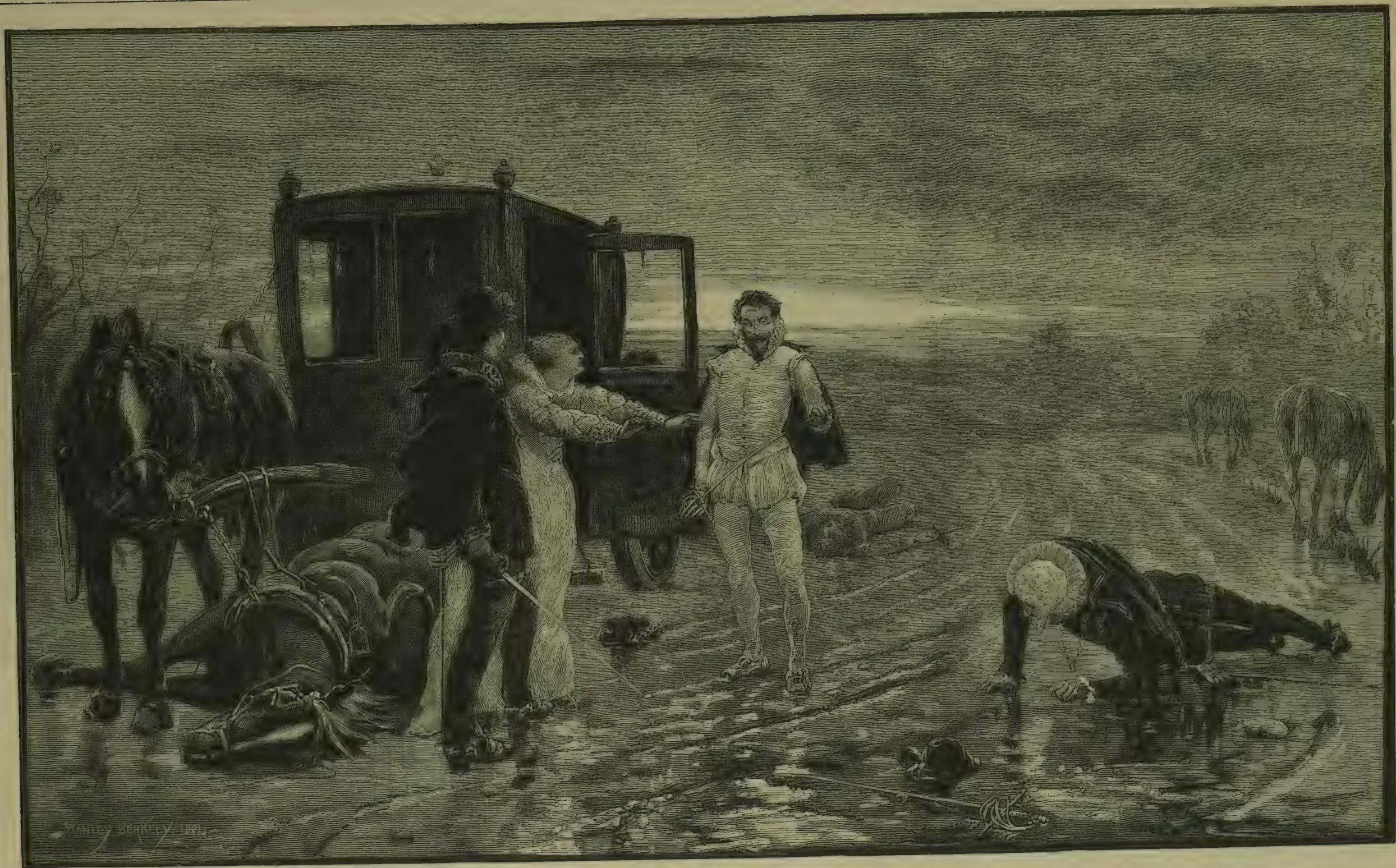
the Ministry, and whose unflinching moral fortitude saved Italy from becoming dependent on the will of Napoleon III. In short, Mr. Trollope was one of those English residents in a foreign country who study its past literary antiquities, or regard with critical curiosity the mere manners of its people, but mistake its present national capacities, and fail to comprehend its future destiny. We are indebted to him for some amusement; we relish, in some degree, his anecdotes of "George Eliot," Mrs. Browning, Landor, and other eminent English authors; but his garrulous autobiography teaches us only what every old man knows of the condition of England in his youth, and less than may be learnt from other books of the condition of Italy and France.

Animal Magnetism. By Alfred Binet, and Charles Féré. Assistant Physician at the Salpêtrière. International Scientific Series. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.).—The title given to this volume might possibly convey an inexact notion of its subject and purpose to minds preoccupied with recollections of the former theory of "Mesmerism"; that of the existence in the human body of a special force or fluid, with an operation analogous to the magnetic or electric, which could be transfused into the bodies of other persons, affecting the mind and will through the nervous system and the brain. Dr. Anthony Mesmer, the German quack impostor, who appeared at Paris in 1779, with a list of propositions rather mystical than scientific, and with an elaborate display of apparatus, exciting much fashionable curiosity, was refuted in August, 1784, by the investigations and reports of the Academy of Sciences, and of the Faculty of Medicine, who rejected the idea of an animal magnetic fluid, and explained all the phenomena by the effects of imagination, imitation, and stimulating contact with parts of the body near the nervous centres. The creed and practice of mesmerism did, however, continue for more than half a century to be professed by a few sciolists; until, some forty-five years ago, the adhesion of Dr. Elliotson, an eminent London physician, revived the pretensions of this sect. It then attracted much attention in society, and "mediums" were in high request. The mesmeric theory subsequently met with a rival in the so-called "Spiritualism" from America, which adopted the conjuring tricks of "clairvoyance," ascribing them to the direct supernatural action of the souls of deceased persons. As these "souls" were not supposed to inherit fleshly bodies, and as their potency was usually exercised on the mahogany-wood of dining-room tables, "animal magnetism" could not be the alleged cause of the phenomena when spirit was acting on wooden furniture. Physiologists held their peace for a time, ignoring the superhuman agencies, until the late Dr. James Braid, of Manchester, having from 1841 to 1843 studied the conditions of abnormal sleep, the different intermediate states between sleeping and waking, and the methods of artificially producing them by fixity and tenseness of nervous action, laid the foundation of the doctrine of "hypnotism," which is now generally received as scientific truth. By directing the patient to gaze fixedly at a point so adjusted as to strain the optic nerve, he was enabled to bring about a condition resembling the mesmeric trance, with insensibility to pain, and equally resembling the state of suspended volition which has often followed the efforts of religious ecstasies to concentrate their thoughts on a single point of mental contemplation. Dr. Braid's writings, published from 1843 to 1855, show great insight into this obscure part of physiology; his line of studies was taken up by Dr. Marshall Hall, Dr. Noble of Manchester, and the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter, who formulated a theory of "unconscious cerebration" that seemed to account for the involuntary action of the mind in the hypnotic state, as well as for common dreaming, and for much that is observed to arise under alcoholic or narcotic influences, and for some delusions of insanity. Mechanical habits of action, bodily and mental, which prevail constantly in the ordinary life of mankind and of all animals, were attributed to the permanent establishment of special activities of brain and nerves, becoming independent of the will. The French scientific biologists, of late years, arriving by a different course of experiments at much the same result, have confirmed Mr. Braid's principles of "hypnotism"; and have further made satisfactory progress towards a complete understanding of the mode in which, during some phases or stages of artificial trance, the half-awake mind can unconsciously receive suggestions, intellectual or emotional, addressed to it by the operator either verbally, or by signs and gestures, or by the presentation of suitable objects. At the Hospital of the Salpêtrière, at Paris, where persons mentally afflicted are inmates, a systematic course of experiments was undertaken, in consequence of the lectures and essays of M. Charcot between 1878 and 1882, which has been carried on with valuable results. M. Charles Féré, the physician second to M. Charcot in this class of special studies at the hospital, supplies precise clinical notes of a large number and variety of cases, which are methodised and combined with a regular physiological and psychological treatise by M. Binet, a writer of some authority on these subjects. The limits of our space, and the nature of the topic, prevent us from offering a summary, or even an analysis of the important work here translated into English for the "International Scientific Series." But its scope will be understood from the foregoing remarks on the previous state of knowledge and opinion. The phenomena described fall mainly under the pathological heads of lethargy, catalepsy, and somnambulism; but intermediate and mixed conditions are recognised, and their complexity still presents some difficulties in the way of adequate physiological explanation. They can all be artificially produced, without invoking the aid of any "spirits"; and as they certainly do not appear to result, in any case, from the direct impulse of an invisible fluid or nervous force emanating from the body of the operator, the name of "animal magnetism" should henceforth be dropped. It is mentioned, however, that the application of a common iron magnet has sometimes proved efficacious, like any other powerful counteracting stimulant, to relieve the brain from some of these oppressed conditions. The reports of delusions and hallucinations of every kind, contrary to the evidence of the senses, being impressed on the mind while in the hypnotic state, and continuing to disturb the understanding many days after the patient has been released from the trance, seem to us particularly instructive. They may, perhaps, by wider observation serve to account for most instances of ghost-seeing, the imaginary hearing of voices and spoken words, the apparitions of friends who are at a distant place, and other alleged marvels, which have employed the "Society for Psychical Research." It would not be unlikely that some persons suffering from special nervous disorder might, in the changing conditions of their slumber at night, without any hypnotising process deliberately applied to them, or any suggestion of ideas by other persons, unconsciously form conceptions so vivid and powerful as to prolong the delusion in their waking hours. We earnestly recommend this treatise to all who are perplexed and distressed by the unscientific vagaries of credulous popular fancy; whether it be abused by the "magnetic mockeries" of the fumbling mesmerists, or by the grossly stupid, mischievous, debasing superstition of the dealers in "materialised spirits"—the modern demonology of raps under the table.



DOWLUTABAD, IN THE TERRITORY OF THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD, INDIA.

FROM A DRAWING BY MR. W. SIMPSON.



"BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS."

FROM THE PICTURE BY STANLEY BERKLEY.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated Oct. 16, 1884) of Captain Augustus Peter Arkwright, R.N., formerly M.P. for North Derbyshire, late of Spring-gardens, Charing-cross, who died on Oct. 6, were proved on Nov. 15 by Walter Augustus Wigram and Edward John Arkwright, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £168,000. The testator gives £30,000, upon trust, for his nephew Frederic Charles Arkwright; £1000 each to Susan Marguerite Clowes and Abel Hawkesworth Fawkes; £1000 each to his executors; £500 each to the Charing-cross Hospital, the Infirmary at Derby, and the Infirmary at Chesterfield; £300 to the Royal Naval Female School; and £200 to the Hospital for Incurables, Putney. The residue of his real and personal estate he divides among his nephews and nieces, with the exception of Frederic Charles Arkwright, who is already provided for.

The will of Mr. Alfred Hillman, late of The Cliff, Lewes, Sussex, brewer, who died on Sept. 16 last, was proved on Nov. 11 by Bernard Hillman, Maurice Hillman, and Harold Hillman, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £90,000. The testator gives £150, and his household furniture, effects, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Hillman; £12,000, upon trust, for her, for life; and £500 to his daughter Elizabeth Mary. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one moiety thereof, to his four sons, Bernard, Maurice, Harold, and Lewis; and, as to the other moiety thereof, to his five daughters, Elizabeth Mary, Mrs. Annette Louisa Grover, Kathleen Kate, Beatrice, and Marguerite, share and share alike.

The will (dated July 22, 1884) of Mr. Alfred Denison, late of No. 6, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, who died on Sept. 5 last, was proved on Nov. 11 by Sir Walter George Frank Phillimore, Bart., and John Henry Jacob, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £77,000. The testator leaves £21,000, upon trust, for Lady Charlotte Anne Phillimore, for life, and at her death for her three daughters—Catherine, Alice, and Lucy; £14,000 to the children of his late sister, Mrs. Henrietta Jacob; and numerous large legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew, the said Sir Walter George Frank Phillimore, absolutely.

The will of Mr. John Ball, late of No. 52, Lower Leeson-street, and No. 11, Hume-street, Dublin, and Rosendael, near Bray, solicitor, who died on Aug. 27 last, has been proved at Dublin, and the Irish Probate was resealed in London on Nov. 8. The executors are Charles Ball, the Rev. Thomas Preston Ball, Mrs. Lora St. Lo Elizabeth Ball, the widow, and Lieutenant-Colonel William Edmund Wilkinson; and the value of the personal property in England and Ireland exceeds £58,000. The testator settles his freehold estate in King's County on his brother, the Rev. William James Ball. He gives all his furniture and effects, his residence in Lower Leeson-street, Dublin, his house, Rosendael, near Bray, and £500 per annum to his wife, in addition to the benefits secured to her by her marriage settlement. There are numerous bequests to his brothers and sisters, and a legacy of £1000 to

the Representative Body of the Irish Church. The residue of his property he leaves to his said brother, the Rev. William James Ball.

The will (dated July 1, 1886) of Mr. Ascher Anselm Fuld, late of No. 65, Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris, banker, who died on Aug. 25 last, at Frankfort-on-Main, Germany, was proved on Nov. 7 by Arnold Marx and Eugene Marx, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator gives 100,000f. and an annuity of 12,000f. to Miss Adele Andé Chatelard for life, and at her death to his niece, Madame Sophie Grosser. The residue of his real and personal estate he divides between his relatives.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1881), with two codicils (dated Nov. 27, 1884; and July 13, 1885), of Mrs. Anna Maria Hargreaves, late of Park-road Villas, Halifax, York, widow, who died on July 18 last, was proved on Nov. 11 by John Henry Sykes, George Watkinson, junr., and John Caw, junr., the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2500 to the Crossley Orphan Home and School (Halifax); £500 each to the Halifax Infirmary and the Halifax Tradesmen's Benevolent Society; £200 each to the Halifax Town Mission for the Home Teaching of Halifax Blind, the Halifax Religious Tract Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the London Missionary Society; and £100 to the Halifax Deaf and Dumb Institute; and numerous legacies to relatives and friends. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephews and nieces in equal shares.

The following is the full text of the residuary clause of Miss Louisa McKellar's will, given last week:—To pay and divide that portion of my residuary estate which may by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes among such hospitals, asylums, societies, and other charitable and benevolent institutions as my said trustees in their uncontrolled discretion think fit.

Miss Julia Cock has been appointed medical examiner to the Post-Office Life Insurance for women proposers in the metropolitan district.

The Christmas Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* is resplendent with a copy of Millais's brilliant painting of Portia as the coloured plate. "Holly Leaves" is again the title of the issue, which comprises the usual variety of finely-executed engravings, and a number of entertaining tales, commencing well with one of Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson's pleasant sporting stories, called "The Wrong Man."

Mr. Goschen was entertained at luncheon by the Mayor of Manchester on Nov. 16, and was afterwards presented with an address of welcome by the Chamber of Commerce. In the course of his reply, he mentioned that, judging from present appearances, the national balance-sheet at the end of the year would be a satisfactory one. Such surplus as there might be would be available for the relief of local taxation, and it would be necessary to introduce a measure for the readjustment of Imperial and local burdens. In the evening the right hon. gentleman was the principal guest at a banquet in the Conservative Club.

"BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS."

The title which the artist has chosen to give to this picture, which tells its own story with complete dramatic effect, may require to be explained to those not conversant with ancient Greek and Latin proverbs. In the Straits of Messina, between Italy and Sicily, are two rocks, one of which was fancied, at a distance, to resemble in form the figure and gesture of a threatening, angry woman, and the noise of waves dashing against it was likened to the barking of a pack of furious dogs; the other marked the perilous approach to an eddy or whirlpool, in which a small vessel might be caught and drawn to destruction. Now, the Grecian mythology of the early settlers on those coasts, and of those Ionian navigators whose wild tales of wonder are preserved in the romantic poetry of Homer's "Odyssey," recorded the fates of two cruel women: Scylla, who was changed by Circe's magic into a monster, and was driven by howling dogs and wolves to cast herself into the sea; and Charybdis, whom Jupiter punished by transforming her to a whirlpool, she being, perhaps, of an angry and passionate temper. Those who saw the neighbouring objects of terror to sailors in the Straits of Messina presently invented the fiction that Scylla was eternally dwelling in a cave of the first-mentioned rocky islet, and that Charybdis was for ever sitting under a fig-tree on the other, watching their opportunity to compass the death of unwary mariners, and rivalling each other in that malignant intention. As they were always mentioned together, they came to symbolise the presence at the same moment of two equal and alternative dangers; and the proverb, "To avoid Scylla, you fall into Charybdis," was equivalent to our homely English saying, "Out of the frying-pan, into the fire," or to the English sailor's way of describing a situation of twofold embarrassment, "Between the devil and the deep sea." In Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice" there is a citation of the classical proverb: "When I shun Scylla your father, I fall into Charybdis your mother"; the occasion of which, being a difficult love affair, brings us nearer to the actual subject of the picture. This, as we have said, is sufficiently obvious from the artist's representation of the figures; a young lady, having eloped with her lover, is pursued and overtaken on the road by her father and brother; there has been a fight with rapiers, in which the old gentleman has fallen wounded, and a servant has apparently been killed. The two men still unhurt are prepared to renew the combat, when she, dreading mortal mischief to either, and deploring also the sacrifice of her hopes, is compelled to intervene, bearing her part in the choice of risks and impending misfortunes.

Mr. George Edward Hillman, solicitor, of Lewes, has been elected Coroner for Sussex.

A letter has been received at Portsmouth from Sir William Crossman, M.P., in which he says he has been officially informed that the Admiralty are this year spending £78,650 in Greenwich age pensions, this being the largest amount ever so expended in any one year, the sum having been increased by £7394 in the last two years. Out of 9000 naval pensioners over fifty-five years of age, 7000 are now in receipt of the Greenwich age pension.

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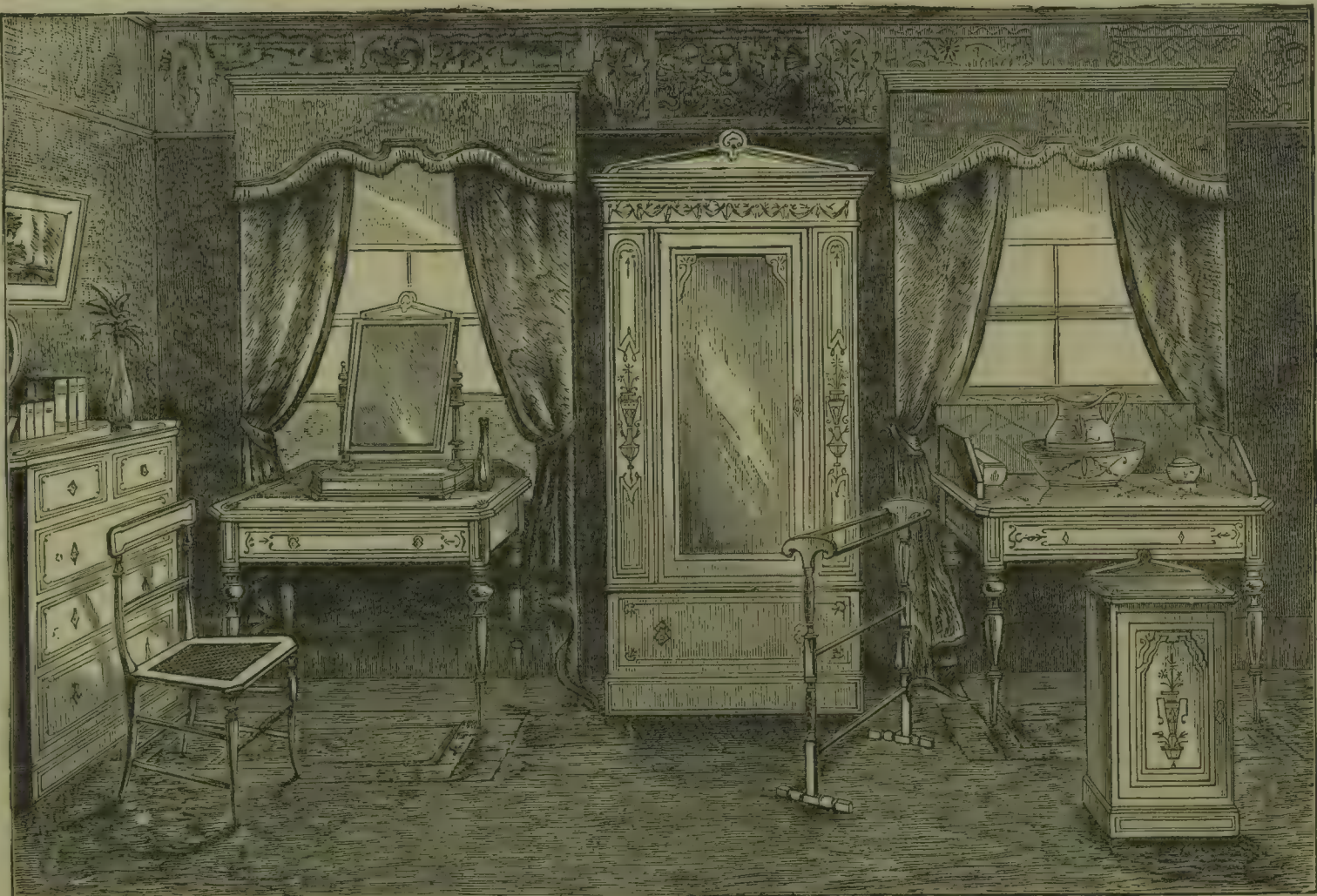
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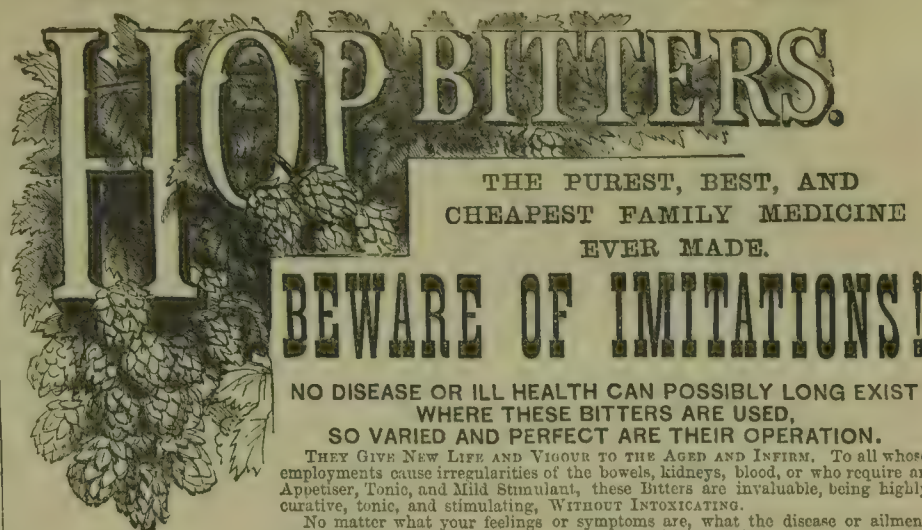
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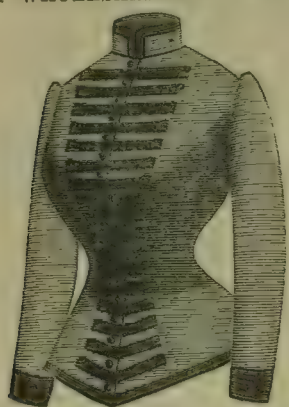
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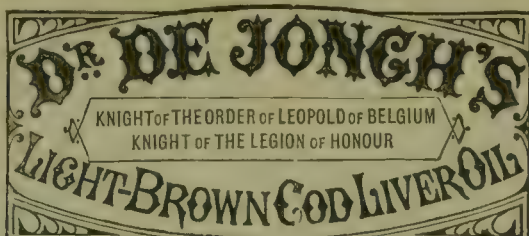


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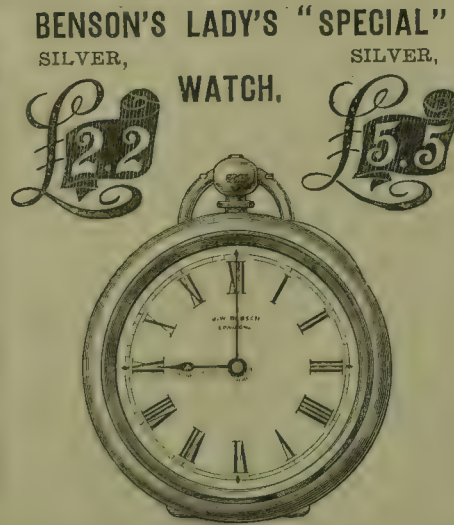
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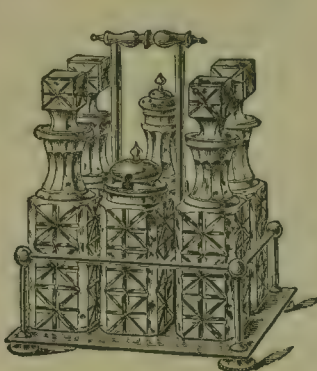
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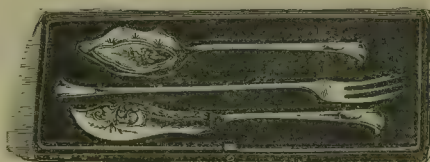
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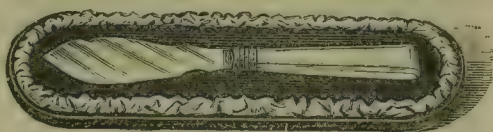
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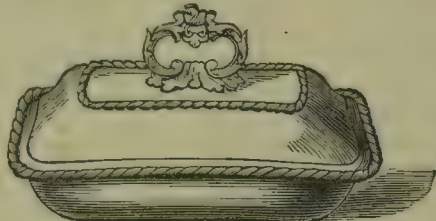
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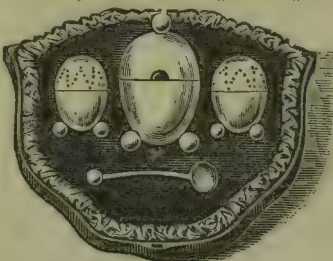
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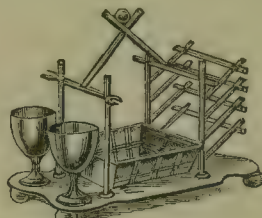
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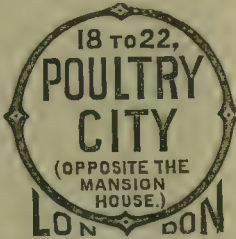
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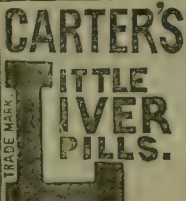
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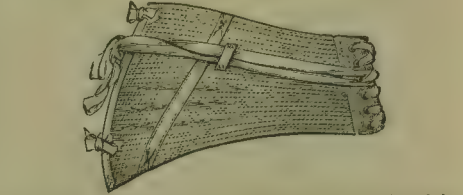
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OLD JEST-BOOKS.

That a just appreciation of wit and humour, at least in their higher forms, is possible only to cultivated minds, is one of those axioms, I think, which are as incontrovertible as Euclid's. The unlettered Many like their fun, as they like their art, to be broad and full-flavoured. The subtle quips of intellectual ingenuity pass unrecognised by them because uncomprehended. They can understand the grotesqueries of Dogberry and Verges, or the extravagances of Bottom and Quince; but the bright, keen, rapier-like wit of Benedick and Beatrice shoots over their heads. Therefore, I think, a witty man can be the cause of wit in others only when *ces autres* are his equals, or nearly his equals, in mental calibre. Boswell was not the fool some of Dr. Johnson's biographers have painted him, or he would never have "reported" the doctor so excellently, nor would the doctor have cared to talk so well before him. It is easy to understand a "wit-combat" occurring between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; there was a certain equality in these combatants; between Shakespeare and, let us say, John-A-Combe, it would have been impossible. Wit, I take it, is the least common of all the intellectual faculties. Passion, imagination, pathos, feeling, sentiment—these are found in what may almost be called profusion, when compared with that most admirable and exceptional quality. English literature counts its poets and moralists by the hundred; its great wits you may enumerate on the fingers of one hand. Humour is more plentiful; yet this is rare enough, if you like it unadulterated, vigorous, strenuous, and rich in kindness and unction. We may expect, therefore, that the capability of relishing true wit and the higher humour will also be rare; will be the endowment, as I have said, of cultivated minds. And that such is the case we know from the patent fact that the popular jest-books, the people's books of (so-called) wit and humour, are, to an educated reader, intolerably tedious. So, too, the phrases and street-sayings which one hears on the lips of the multitude everybody knows to be singularly stupid and even meaningless. And the "comic songs" which elicit rapturous encores in the music-halls of our great cities—in none of them is there the material for an honest laugh? The millions would seem to have no true sense of humour, if we judge from the stuff that, under that much-abused name, is accepted by them, apparently without demur. Heavens! how strange it seems that the people who have produced a Shakespeare, a Swift, a Sheridan, should be proud of their "Joe Miller"! That the people who have produced "Hudibras" and "Gulliver" and "Pickwick" should grin at the wretched inanities of burlesque and pantomime!

Our oldest jest-books are as strongly characterised by the defects of dullness and indecency as our latest. The Elizabethan plebs found, like Shakespeare's Beatrice, their "good wit" in "The Hundred Merry Tales"; but there is about as much "good wit" in "The Hundred Merry Tales" as in "Joe Miller," and no more. To Fletcher of Saltoun is attributed the egotistical saying that if he had the making of the ballads of a nation he cared not who made its laws. But he who made the jokes of a nation might exercise a greater influence over its life and policy than any ballad-maker of them all, and one wonders that no great wit has moved in this direction.

The first-printed copy of the "C. Mery Talys" was issued about 1525 by a certain John Rastell, who, as he married a sister of Sir Thomas More, must have heard a great deal more wit from his brother-in-law's lips than was to be found in all the "Merry Tales" in existence. It was reprinted several times down to 1582; and most of its stories got in later jest-books down to the Restoration, and even in the present day circulate in the form of "chap-books." Of the sources whence they were derived, our knowledge is very limited. Some are, unquestionably, of great antiquity, and may be described as the common property of the ages; others originated in the indignation which the immorality of the mediæval priesthood had awakened. Despite their want of humour, they have a value as illustrating the habits of thought and feeling of the people among whom they circulated—the great dumb multitude, which, in those days, had so few means of making known its opinions, wishes, or sympathies. It is noticeable that, in these "Merry Tales," women are dealt with almost as severely as the priests; leading one to suppose that there must have been a plethora of "nagging wives" and false maidens in "the brave days of old."

Here is a specimen:—"Of the foure elementis when they shoulde sone be founde. In the old worlde when all thyng could speke, the iiij elementys mette togeder for many thynges which they had to do, because they must meddell alway one wyth a nother, and had communicacion to gyder of dyvers maters; and by cause they coulde not conclude all theyr maters at that season, they appoynted to breke communicacion for that tyme, and to mete agayne another tyme. Therfore eche one of them shewed to ogher where theyr most abyding was and where theyr felows shoulde fynde them, yf nede shulde requyre; and fyrst the erthe sayde: bretherne, ye knowe well as for me I am permanent alway and not remouable; therefore ye maye be sure to haue me alway whan ye lyst. The wather sayde: yf ye lyst to seke me, ye shall be sure to haue me under a toft of grene rushes or elles in a woman's eye. The wynde sayde: yf ye lyst to speke wyth me, ye shall be sure to haue me among aspyne leuys or else in a woman's tong. Then quod the fyre: yf any of you lyst to seke me, ye shall euer be sure to fynde me in a flynt stone or elles in a woman's harte. By thys tale ye may lerne as well the properte of the iiiii elementys as the proprietys of a woman."

Of the hard knocks dealt at the priesthood, I give one example:—"Of hym that brought a bottell to a preste.— Certayne vicars of Poules [St. Paul's], disposed to be mery on a Sunday at hye masse tyme, sente another madde felowe of theyr acquaintance unto a folysshe dronken priest to gyue hym a bottell, which man met with the priest upon the toppe of the stayres, by the chauncell dore, and spake to hym, and said thus: 'Syre, my mayster hath sente you a bottell to put yure drynke in, because he can kepe none in yure braynes.' This priest, therwith beyng very angry, all sodenly toke the bottell, and with his fote flunge it doune into the body of the churche upon the gentylman's head."

The second in order of the Elizabethan jest-books is the "Mery Tales and Quicke Answers," of which only two editions are known, dating, respectively, 1535 and 1567. The humour here is of no better stamp than in the "Merry Tales." A much more popular book, and one that retained its popularity for close upon a century, was "Serygin's Jestes," first printed in 1565-6. The author is supposed to have been the celebrated Dr. Andrew Boord, or Borde, one of Henry VIII.'s physicians, whose "Breviary of Health" and "Book of Knowledge" are among the curiosities of our early literature. He was also the author of the "Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham," which, it is said, were written to ridicule the proceedings of Lord Dacre, the Abbot of Lewes, and another ecclesiastic, at a meeting held at Lord Dacre's manor-house of Gotham, near Pevensy. It is needful to add, however, that some excellent authorities identify Gotham with a village in Nottinghamshire. Everybody knows the story of the wise men who, in order to secure a cuckoo, set to work to surround it with a hedge. King John, at one time, had an

intention of making a progress through their town, with the view of purchasing a castle and its demesnes. The wise men wished to avoid the expensive honour of a Royal visit; and, therefore, when the King's messengers appeared, took care to be engaged in some exceedingly absurd pursuit. The King's messengers reported the circumstance, and the King then abandoned his intention; whereupon the Gothamites exclaimed, "We ween there are more fools pass through Gotham than remain in it."

But of all the books of facetiæ which entertained the leisure of our forefathers, the most widely circulated was "Tarlton's Jestes." No doubt the famous comedian had as much to do with it as Joe Miller with the book which bears his honoured name; though it is by no means improbable that some of the stories refer to real incidents in the said famous comedian's career. He was a great favourite with his Royal mistress. "When Queen Elizabeth was serious—I dare not say sullen," remarks Fuller—"and out of good humour, he could undumpish her at his pleasure. The highest favourites would, in some cases, go to Tarlton before they would go to the Queen, and he was their usher, to prepare their advantageous access unto her. In a word, he told the Queen more of her faults than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than all her physicians." His jests, however, would seem to have been flavoured with something very like impertinence. "The Quene being discontented, which Tarlton perceiuing, took upon him to delight her with some quaint jest; whereupon he counterfited a drunkard, and called for beere, which was brought immediately. Her Majestie, noting his humour, commanded that he should have no more; for, quoth shee, he will play the beast, and so shame himselfe. 'Feare not you,' quoth Tarlton, 'for your beere is small enough.' Whereat her Majestie laughed heartily, and commanded that he should have enough." Conceive of Mr. J. L. Toole—we beg that popular comedian's pardon for the supposition—"counterfeiting a drunkard" in the Royal drawing-room at Osborne, or the presence-chamber at Windsor! Here are one or two more samples of his humour:—"Tarlton being in a merry vaine as hee walked in the great Hall in Greenwich, hee met my old Lord Chamberlaine going betwene two fantastie gallants, and cryed aloud unto him: 'My Lord, my Lord, you goe in great danger.' Whereat amazed, hee asked whereof. 'Of drowning,' quoth Tarlton, 'were it not for those two bladders under each of your armes.' " "There was a nobleman that asked Tarlton what hee thought of souldiers in time of peace? 'Marry,' quoth he, 'they are like chimneys in summer.'"

The name of George Peele was used, with as little authority as that of Tarlton, to recommend to the town another collection of stories, "The Merrie Conceited Jestes of George Peele," published about 1607. Of somewhat earlier date was "Jack of Dover, His Quest of Inquire; or His Privy Search for the Veriest Foole in England," who proves to be—a poet! Then came "Pasquill's Jestes, Mixed with Mother Bunch's Merriments," the authorship of which is sometimes attributed to Nicholas Breton. Mother Bunch seems to have been an ale-house wife of widespread celebrity, whose name, from her corpulence and good humour, became proverbial. There is no genuine fun in her "Merriments." At least, now-a-days we should find it difficult to get up a laugh over such sorry stuff as this:—"A citizen riding to Edmonton had his man following him on foote, who came so neere that the horse strake him a greate blowe on the thigh. The fellow, thinking to be revenged, tooke up a great stone to throw at the horse, and hit his master in the reynes of his back. Within a while his master looked backe, and seeing his man come halting so farre behind, chid him. 'Sir, your horse hath given me such a blow,' quoth his man, 'on the thigh, that I can go no faster.' 'Truly,' sayd his master, 'the horse is a great kicker, for likewise with his heele right now, hee gave me a great stroke on the reynes of my backe': when it was his man that threw the stone."

Lastly, we may allude to "The Pleasant Conceits of old Hobson, the Merry Londoner" (1607), a collection made by Richard Johnson, author of "The Seven Champions of Christendom," which is duller even than any of its predecessors. The Elizabethans undoubtedly had much to be thankful for: great statesmen, immortal poets, famous sea-captains, and a great Queen; but the Victorians may be thought as fortunate in all these matters, while they can boast of something which the Elizabethans, unhappily for themselves, never knew—the high standard of kindly fun and genial humour and wholesome wit maintained throughout his long career by Mr. Punch. W. H. D.-A.

Dr. Andreas Raers, Bishop of Strassburg, died in Strassburg on Nov. 17, at the age of ninety-four.

Mr. George Wirgman Hemming, Q.C., has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor one of the official referees of the Supreme Court of Judicature.

The Forster Memorial Committee have finally decided to erect a memorial statue at Bradford, and to apply the surplus of the subscriptions as a nucleus for a fine-art gallery, towards which a sum of £5000 is promised by Mr. G. Hodgson.

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IBEX-SHOOTING IN CASHMERE.

Ibex-shooting has usually a great charm for sportsmen in the Himalayas. This may, perhaps, be accounted for by the difficulties which attend it, and the distance to which one must travel in search of it. The many days of long marches, and the disappointments from unsuccessful stalks, are a great drawback. On account of the wariness of the ibex, and the extreme acuteness of his senses of sight, hearing, and smell, he is wonderfully difficult to approach. Should the wind shift during a stalk, as it often does, and blow but one puff from you to the ibex, you may go straight home without troubling to see what has happened; if you did look you would see they had all gone, except perhaps one, and he would be ornamenting the top of the highest peak on the horizon.

The sketches we present show some incidents in a successful day. Our correspondent "H." writes: "My two shikarrees (huntmen) and I started from camp about three o'clock one morning, and, after five hours of hard climbing, we sighted four male ibex about 800 yards off: they were lying down together, and I could see through the glass that two had very fine heads. It was not a good place for a stalk: they were far below us, and the snow between was very steep, looking at first quite impassable; however, the wind was favourable, which was a great thing, and I was determined to have a try. It was not so very hard when we were once off. There was only one really dangerous place, where a rock bulged out about the height of one's chest, over a very steep slope of snow, hundreds of feet deep. At last we reached the top of a rock about 150 yards from the animals, and almost directly above them. Having loaded the double Express rifle, I cautiously looked over the edge; and to my great joy found they were still there, lying down. The ledge sloped down towards the front, and my shikarree had to hold on to my legs to prevent my slipping over. I missed the first barrel, the bullet going just under; however, taking rather a fuller sight I knocked one over with the second, as he scrambled on to his legs. To put in fresh cartridges, and fire at them again, was the work of a moment. I disabled the other big one just as he was vanishing round a corner, and got a snap at one of the others. On getting down, we found one dead, and traces of blood from two others; we soon found them, and polished them off. Then came the cutting up; after which we went home to camp, pretty well loaded, to try a bit of ibex liver and a quiet pipe."

AFTER THE COLLISION.

The most frequent and terrible cause of disaster to large and powerful steam-ships which otherwise seem able, with skilful officers and sufficient crews, to defy the fury of the elements at sea, is the risk of collision with other vessels, more especially in the ordinary track of Channel navigation, and in the hazy weather often prevailing on the English coast. The artists, Mr. C. J. Staniland and Mr. J. R. Wells, who have combined their work in the drawing that we have reproduced in our double-page Engraving, give an effective representation of a scene likely to follow any such disaster: the ship is sinking; the water is covered with struggling victims, some of whom may have been immersed by the upsetting of a boat into which they had got a few minutes before. Another boat is engaged in picking them up; but it is too evident that only a few of those already battling for life in the waves can be saved; and we may imagine that there still remained on board the sinking ship a number of desperate souls:—

And the sea yawned around her like a hell;
And down she sucked, with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.
And first, one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the wild ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then, all was hushed
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

By desire of Pope Leo XIII., his treatise "On the Duty of Humility" is to be published at the time of his jubilee in the Italian, French, German, English, and Spanish languages.

Mr. W. Noel Sainsbury, of the Public Record Office, editor of the Calendar of Colonial State Papers, has been appointed Assistant-Keeper of the Public Records.

The eleventh Norfolk and Norwich show of Christmas fat stock opened at Norwich on Nov. 17, and is noted as one of the largest and most varied yet held. The entries are 180 in number, being thirty-eight more than those of last year.

An effort is being made to bring out a second edition of the Hexaglot Bible—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English, German, and French (printed in parallel columns)—at one-fourth of the original price—namely, £3 3s. for six royal quarto volumes, containing 4200 pages.

Colonel Scott Moncrieff is sending off an engineer from Cairo to take fresh surveys and report on the feasibility of Mr. Whitehouse's scheme for storing Nile water in the Fayoum Basin. The cost of making a canal four miles long, 36 ft deep, and 400 ft. broad, to lead to the reservoir is estimated at £680,000.

An Industrial Exhibition was opened in Kilburn Mission Hall, on Nov. 15, by Lady Holland, accompanied by her son, Mr. Lionel Holland. In the course of a short speech, her Ladyship expressed the pleasure she felt at being present at an exhibition which had for its objects the advancement of the working classes.

The census of New Zealand was taken on the night of Sunday, March 28, 1886. According to the official returns, the population of the colony, exclusive of Maoris, was 578,482, or, adding the natives and half-castes—who amount to 41,969—the grand total was 620,451. The males considerably outnumber the females, as in all newly-developed countries. There are seventy-four "boroughs" in the colony, but only one of these exceeds 30,000 in population, while nine have less than 500 inhabitants each. Auckland has largely increased, Wellington has slightly advanced, Christchurch is stationary, and Dunedin has slightly decreased. There are 197 "towns" in New Zealand; but 82 of them have less than 100 inhabitants, while Devonport, the most populous, has only 2650 inhabitants. Throughout the whole colony there are only 5561 persons to the square mile. Inhabited houses have greatly improved, for while there is a decrease of 2648 in two-roomed houses, there was an increase of 5026 in those having three and four rooms, an increase of 7880 in those of five and six rooms, and of 5693 in those of more than six rooms. Out of the whole population of New Zealand, 51.89 per cent are native born, 21.72 come from England, 9.48 from Scotland, 8.89 from Ireland, and 0.34 from Wales. With respect to education, 73.32 are able to read and write, 4.77 able to read only, and 21.05 unable to do either. It is calculated that only about 2.6 per cent of the children of the compulsory school age are being wholly neglected. The native races in New Zealand are decreasing, while those of European stock are rapidly multiplying.



AFTER THE COLLISION.

FROM THE DRAWING BY C. J. STANILAND AND J. B. WELLS.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

Through the Wordsworth Country. Pictures by Harry Goodwin: Text by William Knight (Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey, and Co.).—This handsome quarto volume is one of the most acceptable gift-books of the season, in anticipation of Christmas and the New Year. The sentiment of a peculiar interest in romantic scenery, especially that of our native country, associated with the lives and the imaginative or descriptive works of our favourite poets, has a strong hold on cultivated minds. Several great authors of a past generation seem to have won a posthumous intellectual dominion of entire districts in England and Scotland, which to the minds of their habitual readers appear consecrated by the manifestation of genius. Such regions are the "Land of Scott," the "Land of Burns," and there is also a "Land of Wordsworth." We should remark, indeed, that the poet who spent most of his life in Westmorland and Cumberland has left us many proofs of his attachment to other parts of Great Britain; and that Wharfedale in Yorkshire, the Quantocks in Somersetshire, Tintern Abbey, and some places in the Scottish Highlands, are particularly commemorated by his muse. But the region which is most largely occupied by Wordsworth's maturest thoughts and mental experiences is unquestionably the Lake District, to which belong his didactic and descriptive poems, "The Excursion" and "The Prelude," with many of his sonnets and lyrical pieces. Professor Knight, of St. Andrew's University, wrote, ten years ago, a book (published by Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh) entitled "The English Lake District, as Interpreted in the Poems of Wordsworth." In subsequent years, Mr. Goodwin, the landscape artist, having made a number of original sketches of the places referred to, inserted them in his own copy of that book. He has, on the recommendation of Professor Knight, arranged his drawings for reproduction in this volume, accompanied by notes and extracts from Wordsworth, the accuracy of which, and the literary taste and judgment of the editor, make it a very satisfactory work. The drawings have already become valuable as graphic records of the appearance of many interesting localities and buildings which are likely to undergo much alteration. It must be remembered that the poet died in 1850, and that changes are inevitably being made in that district. The mountains and the lakes will remain; but the villages, farmhouses, and cottages, the woodlands, and the cultivated lands, cannot long escape the effects of a social and industrial movement quickened by the construction of railways, and in some instances by mining operations. There are fifty-four views, among which are represented the town of Cockermouth, Wordsworth's birthplace, with its Castle; Hawkshead, with the grammar-school that he attended in his boyhood; Esthwaite Lake, Windermere, and Grasmere; Dove Cottage, where he lived from 1800 to 1807, with many of his favourite haunts in the neighbourhood, the names of which are familiar to readers of his shorter poems; the mountain of Helvellyn, the cascade of Aira Force, Brothers' Water, Grisdale Tarn, Loughrigg, Kirkstone Pass, Dungeon Ghyll, and Blea Tarn; Rydal Water, and Rydal Mount, which was his residence from 1823 to 1850; Grasmere churchyard, where he and his wife and sister and daughter are buried; Derwent Water, the Greta, near the dwelling of Southey, his friend, and of Coleridge, a third of the eminent literary associates, and Skiddaw, overlooking Greta Vale; the grove of yew-trees at Borrowdale, and four views of the river Uddon. Those who study Wordsworth do not need to be told of the passages of his works referring to some of these places; and the topography of "The Excursion," in which few names are mentioned, will become more intelligible by the aid of Professor Knight's local observations. The volume is finely printed on thick paper, with a noble margin, and will be an ornament to the drawing-room table as well as a source of intellectual pleasure, and of profitable talk.

The Abbeys and Churches of England and Wales: Descriptive, Historical, and Pictorial. Edited by the Rev. T. G. Bonney, F.R.S. (Cassell and Co., Limited).—Professor Bonney, of Cambridge University, who has recently been made a Canon of one of the provincial cathedrals, is an esteemed writer of topographical sketches, as well as a man of science. He rightly observes that the parish churches of many old towns in England have more architectural and antiquarian interest than those of any country on the Continent, while our cathedrals, with a few grand exceptions, though all have some claims to attention, scarcely vie with those of France and Germany and Italy; and our finest abbeys are in ruins, while others have been replaced by cathedrals on the formation of episcopal sees. This volume, illustrated by numerous wood-engravings, from photographic views, is a very desirable memorial of seventy-five of the most interesting sacred edifices, beginning with Westminster Abbey, and including the Chapels Royal of Whitehall and the Savoy, St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, the Temple Church, and others which are not exactly parish churches. The introduction, and some of the local or particular descriptions, were written by Professor Bonney, whose acquaintance with the general principles of English church architecture, the changes of styles, and the effects of altered modes of religious service and congregational habits since the Protestant Reformation, supplies an instructive commentary on the state of the buildings, especially in their interior arrangement. His appreciation of the venerable examples of what is called

Gothic art, the Early English and the Decorated, does not incline him to approve of pedantic attempts to revive its antique graces in the new churches of our own time; he considers that the Roman style, preferred by Sir Christopher Wren, is more suitable than the mediæval to the customs and ideas of a Reformed Church, and it is certainly better adapted to a northern climate than the Grecian style. He sees no inherent virtue in the cruciform plan for a place of worship; and points out that the basilica, or oblong hall, with an upper space enclosed by a railing for the chancel, and with an apsidal sacristy, is the most ancient form of places of Christian assembly. These remarks appear to us sound and judicious, and they are worthy of practical consideration in designing future churches; but, in preserving and restoring those erected from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, the admirers of Gothic architecture show their taste for the beautiful, and their reverence for past ages. One of the noblest old London churches, that of St. Saviour's, Southwark, formerly called St. Mary Overies, it is proposed to make a cathedral for the South London part of the Diocese of Rochester, and its character and aspect, though under the great disadvantage of a low site, recommend it for that purpose. It is expected also that St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, will soon become the head church of a suffragan bishopric in the Diocese of London. Both these churches are described in one chapter by Mr. Thomas Archer; the other literary assistants of the editor are Messrs. J. Penderel-Broadhurst, Harold Lewis, William Senior, C. Clement Hodges, Godfrey Turner, J. A. Housden, and the Revs. G. F. Browne, J. J. Raven, D.D., and Prebendary Gregory Smith, of Hereford. The provincial localities treated comprise Stratford-on-Avon, Coventry, Warwick, Oxford and Cambridge, Leicester, Stamford, Shrewsbury, Malvern, Brecon, Tewkesbury, Bristol, Taunton and Bridgewater, Sherborne, Dorchester, Romsey and Christchurch, St. Albans, Harrow, Stoke Pogis, Yarmouth, Hull, Monkwearmouth and Yarrow, and several other places which possess churches of note.

The Rhine, from its Source to the Sea. Translated from the German by G. C. T. Bartley, M.P. With nearly 170 Illustrations (J. S. Virtue and Co.).—The list of artistic and literary votaries of the picturesque in scenery, and of the romantic in historical or legendary lore, who have repeatedly exhibited the local attractions of every interesting part of the banks of the Rhine to minds of an imaginative or sentimental complexion, during the past half-century, would take long to transcribe. It includes many English, French, and German names; and, in these days, when thousands of tourists, in every summer and autumn, pass up the Rhine and enter Switzerland to see everything for themselves, no writer can hope to prove his originality by describing his observations in that familiar route of accustomed travel. The German treatise which Mr. Bartley has translated is a readable composition, descriptive and anecdotal, constituting a very sufficient commentary on the subjects of the abundant wood-engravings; but, as its arrangement follows the descent of the river from its triple source in the Alps, through the Lake of Constance, on by the city of Basle, the Breisgau, the Vosges, and Strassburg, through Western Germany, by Coblenz, Cologne, and Düsseldorf, and through Holland to the North Sea, this book is not exactly adapted for the use of tourists who go "Up the Rhine." No one would choose, for the enjoyment of successive views of its natural beauties, to go down the course of the river, beginning with Swiss mountains and glaciers, traversing a noble lake and charming districts of cultivated lands, and passing the "castled crags" between Bingen and Bonn, the vine-clad hills, the quaint old German towns and villages, and the Drachenfels, to emerge on the northern flats and the Dutch marsh meadows, which resemble those of Kent and Essex near the mouth of the Thames. There are, however, some readers to whom the physical geography and hydrography of a great Continental stream appear worthy of study; and some may fall, with a more poetical enthusiasm, into the implied personification of the Rhine as a mighty giant or a genius of aquatic force and persistent vivacity, taking his way, by an impulse of apparent volition, and wandering at his own strong will, through such different countries of Europe. In this mood, they will be inclined to follow the author's narrative of the perpetual adventures of the Rhine, with the aid of the numerous pictures, in a congenial spirit; and they will find it fully stored with memories of national and local history, and with tales characteristic of the Middle Ages, and incidents of modern times, which are part of the common stock of our intellectual inheritance. The work is not absolutely confined to the Rhine, but includes the Black Forest, Heidelberg and Baden, the Odenwald, the Neckar, Frankfurt, Homburg and Wiesbaden, the Nahe, the Lahn, and the Moselle, and adjacent districts of Rhineland, extending finally to Rotterdam.

On Dutch Waterways. Cruise of the S.-S. Atalanta on the Rivers and Canals of Holland and the North of Belgium. By G. Christopher Davies (Jarrold and Sons).—The author of "Norfolk Broads and Rivers" has a special talent of describing inland waters, the experiences of their navigation, and the aspects of tracts of country traversed by such means of locomotion. These topics make pleasant, leisurely reading; and there are persons who actually get tired of railway travelling for immense distances, and who would rather spend their summer holidays in a loitering barge, looking about and landing to stroll where they like, than be whirled three hundred miles a

day, in a rattling close carriage, along the iron road of the inexorable train. It is a kind of recreation, amidst the turmoil of mechanical hurry at home and abroad, to turn over the broad and handsome pages of this volume, to let the fatigued eye dwell on the soft lines and deep shadows of its fifty fine illustrations, and to accompany Mr. Davies and his friends, Mr. Blake and Mr. Dendy, on board the little steam-yacht, of twenty-three tons gross and sixteen tons net tonnage, in their comfortable inland cruise, in the sweet months of May and June, where the jolly Dutchmen and the Belgians welcome their English visitors with much good-humour, and there are various foreign novelties and antiquities to be seen. They crossed the North Sea from Lowestoft, went up the Y channel from Ymuiden to Amsterdam, and viewed that city, explored the shores and isles of the Zuyder Zee, perhaps thinking of Mynheer Van Dunck, and perhaps drinking after him; they coasted along Friesland, ascended the North Holland Canal to Alkmaar and Haarlem, visited Rotterdam, the Hague, Scheveningen, and Dort; they entered the Scheldt and went up to Antwerp, thence up the river to Termonde and Ghent, from which it is a short railway trip to Bruges, and returned from Ghent by a canal to Terneuzen, ending their tour with Flushing, Middelburg, and the villages of Walcheren Island. The author took photographs, of which his readers have the benefit, as well as of his agreeable writing; he also kept the log, which shows that the river and canal voyage seldom much exceeded twenty miles a day; and in our opinion that rate of speed is quite enough for enjoyment in seeing the country, besides stopping to inspect the towns and cities, which often deserve a whole day.

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character. From the Collection of "Mr. Punch" (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.).—The eminent pictorial humourist whose gentle satire, from 1842 to 1864, supplied unfailing amusement to English society, in the bright youth and genial prime of our now elderly comic contemporary, has not ceased to please, though it is so long since the pencil dropped from the skilful "touch of a vanished hand." These pages, numbering about two hundred and seventy, are filled with reprints of twice or thrice that number of the engravings which diverted and delighted everybody in *Punch's* best days, when we were younger, and perhaps merrier, and when it was more the fashion to laugh and to be laughed at. There were, indeed, many fashions of that time which could have been invented for no other purpose, they seem to our more critical age so intensely ridiculous. Such was crinoline, with its vast hoops, defeating the lover-like intention to speak about being "nearer and dearer"; overflowing the carriage with a single lady's dress, and blocking up the drawing-room or the ball-room. How was Fred, at a dinner-party, to "take Mrs. Furbelow downstairs"? and what was the use of a Crystal Palace chair to a dame twenty yards in circumference round the foot of her skirt? Mesmeric or spiritualistic table-turning, then in vogue, suggested the idea of a piece of furniture in violent convulsions, declaring itself, under supernatural inspiration, to be not solid mahogany but veneered and second-hand. Frenchmen and other foreigners were then supposed to wear a costume which attracted notice in the streets of London, and an Englishman with a full beard was an object of vulgar derision. Leech's commentary on the home incidents and demonstrations of martial sentiment during the Crimean War is highly instructive. Pretenders to the character of sportsmen, like Mr. Briggs and Mr. Tom Noddy, were either more awkward and unlucky than now, with their horses, guns, and fishing-rods, or were more commonly observed. Only some people went to the seaside, and some to Boulogne or even to Paris; sea-bathing experiences were not universal, and our countrymen made blundering attempts to talk French. So many practices have now become matters of course, or indifferent, while so many others have been dropped or superseded, that, in a quarter of a century, or a little more, *Punch's* and Leech's droll admonitions have been rendered less applicable. "Servant-galism," however, and the inconvenient dignity of footmen, who were then called "flunkies," may still be topics of domestic resentment with feeble heads of families; and there is an inexhaustible source of surprising utterances in the presumptuous spirits of children. The real kindness, as well as the cleverness and the general truth, of John Leech's delineations of social life and manners will long secure them a high place in popular favour.

The First Lord of the Treasury has sent a further donation of £10 to the St. Bride's Youths' Institute, Shoe-lane.

Captain Barr, of the famous Scotch yacht *Thistle*, has been presented by the Board of Trade with a binocular-glass, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the survivors of the steamer *Harkaway*, of London, which foundered off the Smalls in May of last year. The rescue was effected at great risk, Captain Barr's vessel being manœuvred in the trough of the sea during a gale.

The Orient Line steamer *Ormuz*, which left Suez on Oct. 27 with the mails of the 21st of that month, arrived at King George's Sound on Monday evening, Nov. 14, thus landing the mails and those passengers who travelled with them in less than twenty-four days from London. The steamer maintained throughout an average speed of upwards of 15½ knots—considerably in advance of the best speed ever before attained on the Australian voyage.

THE SUFFERING OF CHILDREN.

(From *The Southport Visiter*.)

There is nothing that touches the tender chord of sympathy so quickly as to witness the suffering of children, who are wholly dependent on what others do for them. A case in point, and one which should excite the sympathy of all those who have children of their own, is that of little Annie Jane Allison, twelve years old, of 5, Vansittart-street, Milton-court-road, New-cross, London, S.E., whose long years of suffering, as narrated below, were brought to our attention by a gentleman who is familiar with all the particulars.

It seems that about nine years ago the mother noticed a swelling of the child's knee, accompanied by severe pain. The family doctor advised taking her to Guy's Hospital, where she attended for several weeks as an out-door patient, at the end of which time, having obtained no relief, she was taken to the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, W.C., where she attended for nearly four years. While here, special instruments were made for her, in addition to which the leg was put into a plaster of Paris mould, where it remained for a long time; this treatment, however, did not benefit her, and she continued to suffer intensely. Dr. Marsh, F.R.C.S., Senior Surgeon to the above hospital, author of "Diseases of the Joints," and lecturer on "Hip Diseases," stated that the child "was in great danger, and might lose her leg." Feeling extremely anxious, her parents had her taken into a celebrated hospital in Kensington, where she remained some time longer, but here, as elsewhere, received no benefit, the pain continuing intense. She was then taken to the London Hospital; but as the same was full she could not be admitted. The attending surgeon, Mr. Frederick Treves, F.R.C.S., L.S.A., &c., said "The case was a very bad one." Through the influence of Miss Thoveman, of New-cross, and Dr. Mitchell, she was admitted into St. Thomas' Hospital, where she remained as an in-patient for several weeks, after which as an out-patient, under the immediate care and attention of that eminent authority, Dr. Sydney Jones, Senior Surgeon and Lecturer on Surgery at St. Thomas' Hospital; but she continued to grow steadily worse, suffering the most intense agony. On the hospital card which Dr. Jones gave the child's mother, he described the case, "white swelling." At this time her bodily health began to decline, and the parents became so alarmed that they took her to the seacoast. Her suffering was fearful to behold. Her screams night and day were heartrending, and her parents were driven almost frantic by her cries for something to ease the dreadful pain. She could not be moved without going into spasms; she could not even bear the weight of the bed-clothes on her knee. In desperation, the parents went back with her again to St. Thomas' Hospital, where they kept her about two weeks; but they could do nothing more for her. Through the influence of a local physician she was again brought before Dr. Treves, of the London Hospital, who, after making another thorough examination, stated plainly to the mother that he "could do nothing whatever for her." She could not move without the aid of

two crutches, and then only by the greatest effort, accompanied by the most intense pain. She was reduced to almost a skeleton, and her life was despaired of. At this critical period, the father began to hear of most marvellous cures wrought by a newly-discovered Oil, which he hastened to procure and try on his little sufferer, when almost directly the pain began to ease, the swelling to disappear, and for the first time in years the child began to sleep soundly at night. Continuing to use this magical Oil, it was but a short time before one of the two crutches, which for years the little one had been obliged to use, was thrown aside, and the pain also became less intense. In a few weeks more, the remaining crutch was exchanged for a stick; later on, the stick was laid away with the two crutches, and the little patient had emerged from a life of most intense suffering and danger, to complete freedom from pain. While the knee remains somewhat stiff and permanently enlarged, all pain has completely disappeared, and she now walks without the aid of crutch or stick.

If further proof were wanting to show that St. Jacobs Oil, which is the Oil above referred to, "conquers pain" in every instance, a gentleman connected with *The Southport Visiter* could furnish additional evidence from his own personal experience. He applied the Oil upon himself, when suffering the most intense agony, and all pain disappeared in ten minutes. He now considers St. Jacobs Oil a household necessity, and would no more think of going a journey without a bottle or two of the Oil in his portmanteau than he would of taking a journey in January without his top-coat. His experience, to our personal knowledge, is that of other well-known citizens of Southport.

The *London Magazine of Chemistry and Medicine*, in a leader, publishes some of the most remarkable facts in reference to the efficacy of a marvellous discovery. The *Magazine* states that eminent professional men in different parts of Great Britain have, after the most thorough and exhaustive tests, given it as their opinion that this discovery is a positive cure for rheumatism and kindred evils. Among other remarkable cases, they give that of one Edward Evans, in the employ of Messrs. Davey and Moore, the well-known glass-bottle manufacturers, who for twelve years had been a fearful sufferer. He was treated by some of the most eminent medical men, but without relief. He then entered St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; but, after treatment, he was discharged as being incurable. He next went to Paddington Infirmary, where he remained no less than six years. From there he went to Buxton Hospital, where he was again pronounced incurable by the physicians, and was eventually discharged. At that time his legs and ankles were swollen to almost double their size; his hands also were so enlarged that he could scarcely hold anything; in fact, he was quite helpless, and was almost crazy with suffering. Last June, at the suggestion of a friend, this wonderful discovery, St. Jacobs Oil, was applied according to directions; and, in the course of a week the man was able to walk, and, for the first time for twelve years, to have something like a night's rest. In a fortnight from the time of using this Oil he regained the use of his limbs, and has resumed work—a cured man. The *Magazine*, after citing other remarkable cures, closes the leader by saying that it is not to be wondered at that experiences like these should arrest public attention, and become the subject of extensive comment on the part of leading journals. St. Jacobs Oil acts like magic. Its curative powers are simply marvellous. It conquers pain quickly and surely. It goes right to the spot. It cures when everything else has failed. A single trial will convince the most incredulous. It has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism and neuralgia which have resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.



THIS WONDERFUL MEDICINE

is the most marvellous Antidote yet discovered for Bilious and Nervous Disorders; the premier Specific for Sick Headache and Indigestion; and is found efficacious and remedial by female sufferers.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, so long pre-eminent for their health-restoring and life-giving properties, have an unprecedented demand and the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

OLD MAIDS.

There is a certain disrespectful way of mentioning old maids against which I must protest at the outset; and this for more reasons than one. The enormous increase of population is the perplexity of political economists, but that perplexity would be increased tenfold if every young English maiden found a mate. Then, again, what would become of our domestic life without maiden aunts and elderly disengaged sisters? The whole scheme of existence would be altered. The old maid is, to misquote Byron's line, "a rainbow mid the storms of life." The married woman's place is home, and never is she so well employed as when governing her household and making everyone happy within her small domain. The old maid, on the contrary, can go abroad and is free for all works of charity, for all the tender offices of love. What a noble army of single women may be said to have given their lives to the service of their country! From Miss Nightingale and Miss Octavia Hill to the humblest district visitor or Sister of Mercy, bands of faithful workers have gone forth, and are still going, to sow, as women only can, the richest seeds of good! Sometimes one may not be sure of the wisdom of the method adopted; but the motive is generally to be admired: I might say always were it not for the recollection of certain advanced females who, in their eagerness to compete with men, forget that they are women. These rare specimens of the sex, however, are not confined to maiden reformers, and the immortal Mrs. Jellaby has some sisters among our married women.

There may not be a good reason for it, but I cannot help looking upon the old maid who has lived into the forties without finding any special vocation with a painful feeling of compassion. In her fresh youth what fair hopes she may have cherished! Life is infinitely beautiful at seventeen, and no doubt there were moments in which one delicious and never-to-be-forgotten dream wrapt the girl's spirit in Elysium. Sweet was that vision, which seemed like a reality, while never destined to become one; and by degrees, as the years passed on and youth went with them, it is easy to conceive how a listless, purposeless woman, feeling that the love of husband and child will never be hers, grows morose or indifferent, and relieves the vacuity of life with charitable bazaars, fancy work, and novels. The old maid of this class inevitably becomes soured; she has nothing to do but to live, and to keep one's self alive from day to day without a sufficient object is a weary task.

The maiden ladies who forget how old they are, and dress as if just escaping from their teens, are foolish, perhaps, but innocent; and has not even the bearded sex its little foibles? My neighbour Jones rests his reputation upon being the best dressed man in the street; my friend Brown, though long past the age of love-making, wears on all occasions patent-leather boots and lavender kid gloves; and Williams, who has never been further to sea than Antwerp or Rotterdam, talks as familiarly of the ocean as if he were one of Mr. Clark Russell's heroes. Let us be charitable, then, towards the old maids who enjoy that title *par excellence*. I mean the ladies "withering on the stalk," who cannot cheerfully accept their position, and still look for husbands with eyes from which the beauty has been washed.

The fussy old maid, too, claims our sympathy. Don't we all know her and her ways? Have not we met her in the railway carriage, and noticed her mortal dread of being left alone with a young man, or even with a white-haired patriarch? Have not we watched her surrounded with her handboxes on the platform, and sitting on her trunk lest some monster of the other sex should walk off with it? Haven't we met with this rather exacting personage at friends' houses? or borne with her, until charity appeared the most exalted of all virtues, in our own? Hasn't she vexed us twenty times a day by her fads and foibles, flitting hither and thither with the restlessness of a swallow, but far less silently, giving advice that is not needed, interfering with household arrangements, and setting everybody to rights with the result of making them feel inclined to go in the exactly opposite direction? There is not one of the elements that does not minister to her discomfort. The seasons are always too cold or too hot, the north wind chills her to the bone, the south wind makes her faint, the east wind gives neuralgia. She will not venture on the water lest she should be drowned, and is constantly in dread of fire. For dogs she has generally an aversion, although sometimes she makes pets of pugs; she is afraid of horses, she thinks every tradesman wishes to take advantage of her, and looks upon a cabman as a rogue. Poor dear! she means well; so let us bear with her as best we can. It must be allowed, however, that when such an old maid as we are describing comes as a family guest the burden is not fairly proportioned, since it falls, for the most part, on the women of the household. The men have their official vocations during the day, and if the evenings are tedious can escape to the companionship of their pipes. The fussy old maid detests smoking as much as that fussy monarch James I. did.

The solitary old maid who loves gossip is often very amusing. She knows all her neighbours' doings and sayings, and reports them with variations; she likes scandal, I fear; but then a lonesome life needs a little excitement. No doubt, if the Hon. Miss Melton, who lives in the great house above the village, elopes with her groom, the gossipmonger will express the most virtuous indignation, and yet, in her heart of hearts, she will not be sorry to have such a scandal to talk about. Personally, I object to an old maid of this order, as much as I object to one who is so given to good works out of doors that she is no companion within; or to one whose overzeal is expended not so much upon her church as on her clergyman. The old maid who, without the slightest knowledge of literature and art, affects to be literary and aesthetic is also my aversion. She talks rubbish, and yet, being a woman, we unfortunate males must listen politely and give rational replies to nonsensical remarks. If she gushes over Mr. Swinburne and speaks with passionate enthusiasm of Mr. Whistler, it would be cruel perhaps, but not difficult, to draw her out until she showed, unconsciously, that of the special characteristics of that poet and artist she was altogether ignorant.

It may be objected that I am pointing out faults in the ladies who live and die in single blessedness after a protest against speaking of them disrespectfully. But even old maids have their frailties. If the faithful historian is bound to record them he will remember that every class of the community has its eccentric members. Many a lady satirist might say much more against the foolish bachelors of England than I have hinted against her foolish virgins. Even the nun vowed to celibacy, who "bids for cloistered cell her neighbours and her work farewell," is not a whit freer from faults than the braver maiden who faces, in the armour of true virginity, the temptations of the world; and it would be a folly to write of old maids as if their state of life exempted them from frailties. And since married life, with its greater joys and sorrows, is more in the order of nature, it is inevitable, perhaps, that the spinster, like the bachelor, should contract eccentricities with greater readiness than her married sister. Laugh at them if you will, so long as the laugh be an honest one and does not make you forget all that England owes to the noble deeds of her self-sacrificing old maids.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

PIERCE JONES.—Your unblushing effrontery in sending other people's problems as your own rather staggers us. With No. 1 we are well acquainted, though we cannot, for the moment, recall the author; No. 2 is the twenty-fifth problem of Mr. Abbott's recently-published volume. We shall decline to take further notice of your communications.

A F MACKENZIE (Jamaica).—A notice of your book is in preparation, and will appear very shortly. We shall write to you on the points mentioned in your letter.

G C.—It was duly received. We are sorry for the accidental delay.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from A F Mackenzie and A C Wessenden.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2269 received from F Richardson (Windsor, N.S.) and M Gangadhar; of No. 2270 from M G and J D; of No. 2273 from C E P, Peru, and J D; of No. 2274 from G E P, Club Vertulia, A Bruin, and R H Brooks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2275 received from R Worters (Canterbury), A C W, Hermit, North-Bac, Jupiter Junior, C E P (Ware), G Darragh, N S Harris, G W Law, W Hillier, A C Hunt, A Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, J De Sarte, R H Brooks, J Bryden, W R Baillem, Shadforth, E Phillips, W L Martin (Commander R.N.), Peterhouse, A C W (Dover), E L Loudon, R Armstrong, W A P, T G (Ware), E E H, Bernard Reynolds, S Bullen, E Casella (Paris), H Lucas, and L Coad.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2274.

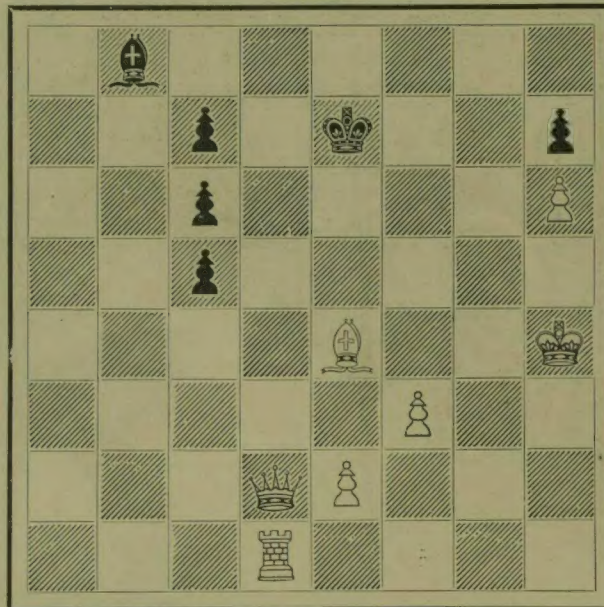
WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to K 8th (a'Rock) Kt takes P
2. B to B 6th P to K 4th
3. R takes P Kt takes B
4. R to K sq. Mate.

NOTE.—Several correspondents suggest a solution by 1. P Queens, overlooking the defence following from 1. Kt takes P. &c.

PROBLEM No. 2277.

By REGINALD WYKE BAYLISS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE INTERCOLONIAL CHESS CONGRESS.

Game played between Mr. CHARLICK and Mr. HALL.

(Petroff's Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q takes Q (ch)	R takes Q
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. K R to B sq	K R to Q sq
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	21. K R to Q sq	
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes P		
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th		
6. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
7. Castles	B to K 2nd		
8. P to B 4th			
9. P to B 3rd is usually played here, and is certainly preferable.			
10. Q to B 2nd	B to K 3rd		
11. Waste of time, being ineffective, whilst the Kt can be played to Kt 5th; P to Q 3rd should have preceded it.			
12. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th		
13. Q takes Kt	Kt takes B		
14. P takes P	B takes P		
15. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 4th		
16. Kt to K 5th	P to B 3rd		
17. B to K 3rd	B to B 3rd		
18. Kt takes B	Q to Q 3rd		

Black's attack is naturally concentrated on White's isolated Q P, and this move only assists its development.

17. Q takes Kt

18. Q to B 4th

Q R to Q sq

Mate.

Game played between Mr. F. S. PILLEAU and Mr. W. T. PIERCE.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Pilleau)	BLACK (Mr. Pierce)	WHITE (Mr. Pilleau)	BLACK (Mr. Pierce)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	23. Kt to Q 5th (ch)	K to R 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	24. R to Q sq	Q to R 5th
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	25. Kt to B 3rd	Q to B 7th
4. B to B 4th	B to K 5th (ch)	26. Q to Q 3rd	
5. P to B 3rd	P takes P		
6. Castles	P to Q 3rd		
7. Kt to Kt 5th	P takes P		
8. Q to Q 5th	Kt to K 4th		
9. B takes P	Q takes Kt		
10. B takes Kt			
11. P to B 4th seems strong, but yields no real advantage.			
12. Q takes P (ch)	Q takes B		
13. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to Q 2nd		
14. B takes Kt	R takes B		
15. Q to B 7th (ch)	K to B 3rd		
16. R to B sq (ch)	B to B 4th		
17. Q takes R	B to K 3rd		
18. If Q takes R at once, White can draw.			
19. Q takes R	Q takes R		
20. Q to K 8th (ch)	B to Q 2nd		
21. Q to B 7th	P to Q 3rd		
22. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 5th		
23. Q to K B 3rd	K to Kt 3rd		
24. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 3rd		

The list of entries for the various contests in the British Chess Association commencing next Tuesday promises to be a very full one, nearly all our leading players figuring in one or other of the competitions. Some doubt exists as to the possibility of holding the congress at the Criterion, failing which, we believe, the premises of the British Chess Club, King-street, Covent-garden, will be selected. They are well adapted for such a purpose, and might very well become the head-quarters of the association itself, which is sadly needing a local habitation.

The fourth round of the City Chess Club tournament is now completed, but, of course, little indication is as yet afforded of the ultimate result. In Section I, Messrs. Mocatta, Vyse, Loman, and Block maintain an unbeaten record, and in Section II, Messrs. Lucas and Durrant have been similarly successful. Other well-known amateurs are close up, and a lively fight is anticipated as the contest proceeds.

A novelty in draughts has just been brought out by Mr. J. Hyde, of Acton. It is designed for three players, the board taking the form of an equilateral triangle divided into eighty-one similar figures, which take the place of squares in the ordinary game. The idea is ingenious, but somewhat complicated in practice, and may be looked upon as the variety of draughts that corresponds to four-handed chess. We have also received a new game for the chessboard, called "Reversi." If its rules were made plainer, it seems admirably adapted for the nursery, but possesses no other interest.

USE OF THE SPECTROSCOPE AS A HYGROMETER.

On Nov. 16 the first meeting of the new session of the Royal Meteorological Society was held in the rooms of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George-street, Westminster. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. Ellis, president of the society. The first paper read was by Mr. F. W. Cory, M.R.C.S., and was entitled, "The Use of the Spectroscope as a Hygrometer Simplified and Explained."

In the course of his paper, Mr. Cory said that the spectroscopy was now acknowledged by many observers as a hygrometer of great value. There were difficulties, however, in the way of its universal adoption. The first, and apparently the most important, difficulty was that of correctly estimating the amount of the principal rainband. He believed that the application of mechanical means to the measurement of the rainband in its entirety in spectroscopes of moderate dispersion would be found nearly impossible and very misleading. A mental scale must be adhered to. Another impediment to some observers was that the rainband could not be made to forecast every form of aqueous precipitation by increasing in intensity. He had clearly proved that the rainband diminished before snow, hail, and very cold rain. Temperature must of necessity be considered in drawing deductions from the spectroscopy, and not only that, but the state of the F line and the S and V bands on the spectrum. Yet it was astonishing what a large amount of success attended the observer who looked to the rainband alone, and took no account of the other parts of the spectrum or of the proper quarter to which to direct the instrument. The best form of hygroscopicity as a recognised standard for the purpose of investigating and scrutinising the changes in the three parts of the spectrum before mentioned was that originally termed by Mr. Rand Capron "The Rainband Spectroscope." It ought to have a fixed slit, and, in addition, a milled wheel at the side for the easier adjustment of the focus. Mr. Cory then stated from his observations what kind of weather was generally indicated by the conjunction of different temperatures with different conditions of the spectrum, and concluded by saying that he would suggest that the council of the society should take steps to make the spectroscopy as a hygrometer better known. The science of meteorology had not been advancing with other branches of scientific research, and the only way of lifting it from its present very lowly and unsatisfactory position was to extend investigations into the upper regions of the atmosphere, of which so little was known, and not to confine them to the stereotyped system at present in vogue, from which no true advance could be expected.

A discussion followed.

Subsequently, Mr. J. G. Gamble, M.A., read a paper on "The Rainfall On and Around Table Mountain, Cape Town, Cape Colony"; and Mr. Robert Lawson, LL.D., Inspector-General of Hospitals, read a paper on "The Cause of the Diurnal Oscillation of the Barometer."

REAL ESTATE SALES IN AMERICA.

The Washington Land Office has published the returns of the Government sales of land for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1887. An analysis of the figures shows that the total area disposed of was 17,406,658 acres. This enormous extent of land is really new land actually sold for cash to speculators and others, or allotted to settlers intending to build homesteads thereon, or as timber lots. It does not include land certified to the railway companies, swamp lands allotted to the various State Governments, or mere transfers to be held on public account until they are required for actual settlement. The land sold to speculators and others is equal to the whole area of the three States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont. In 1885-6 the total quantity sold was upwards of 18,000,000 acres, in 1884-5 upwards of 16,000,000 acres, in 1883-4 upwards of 18,000,000 acres, and in 1882-3 very nearly 17,000,000 acres. During the last six years the scale of annual purchasing has been double that of the immediately preceding period. The expansion has been in the main a bona fide result of a powerful new impulse to settlement and exploitation. The total quantity of land purchased in the course of the last seven years was 107,769,997 acres, being equal in extent to the whole of the New England States, with the States of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania added. Two-thirds of the whole quantity is situate in the States of Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kansas, and Colorado, precisely the States where railway extension has been most extensive. The railway mileage in these States has been very nearly doubled, the total in June last being upwards of 21,000 miles, as compared with 11,000 miles, or thereabouts, in 1881. The demand recently has been for ranching and mineral lands rather than for agricultural lands. In the Southern States the largest land sales have been in Alabama, which has also lately been distinguished for the development of manufacturing and mining enterprises. It is stated that, in addition to the large Government land sales, considerable sales have been made by the railway companies which are not included in the returns.

London was on Nov. 16 and 18 visited by dense fogs, rendering street and river traffic difficult. On the 16th, a signalman, who was doing duty as a fog-man on the Great Eastern Railway, near Stratford Station, was knocked down by a passing train, and instantly killed. The unfortunate man had been for twenty years in the company's service.

Mr. Justice Kekewich has given judgment in the long-standing dispute between the Chatham and Dover and South-Eastern Railways respecting Folkestone and the Continental traffic. The main question was whether Shorncliffe and Radnor Park Stations should be included in the agreement sanctioned by Parliament by which the Folkestone and Dover traffic was to be divided. His Lordship held in the affirmative, and also decided in favour of the Chatham Company the contention of the South-Eastern Company that the Queenborough and Flushing traffic should be included in the "pool" arrangement.

The six Powers bordering on the North Sea—Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Denmark—have come to an International Agreement which applies to that part of the North Sea which is outside territorial limits. Inside territorial waters each country can make its own laws. The arrangement is shortly as follows:—The sale of spirits to fishermen and other persons on board fishing-vessels is prohibited; fishermen are equally forbidden to buy spirits; the exchange or barter for spirits for any article, especially the fish caught, nets, or any part of the gear or "equipment" of the fishing-boat, is also prohibited. Vessels which ply on the North Sea for the purpose of selling to fishermen other articles (not spirits) will have to be licensed by the Government of their own country, and to be liable to strict regulations, with the object of ensuring their not having spirits on board for sale. The six countries engage to propose to their respective Legislatures laws to carry this arrangement into effect, and to punish those who do not conform to it. The convention has been signed at the Hague by the representatives of the Powers concerned.